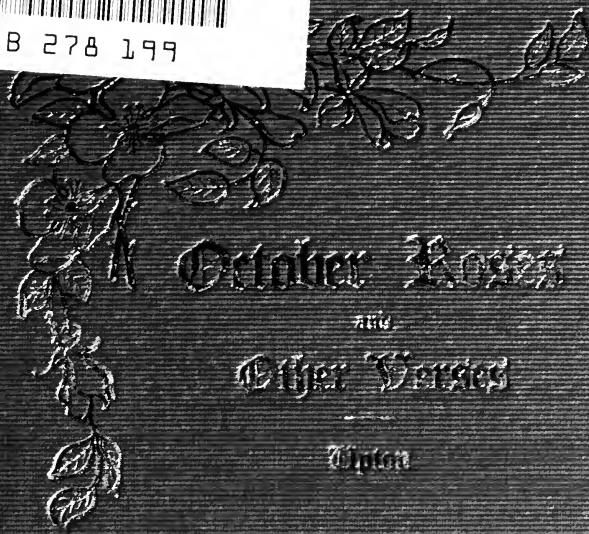


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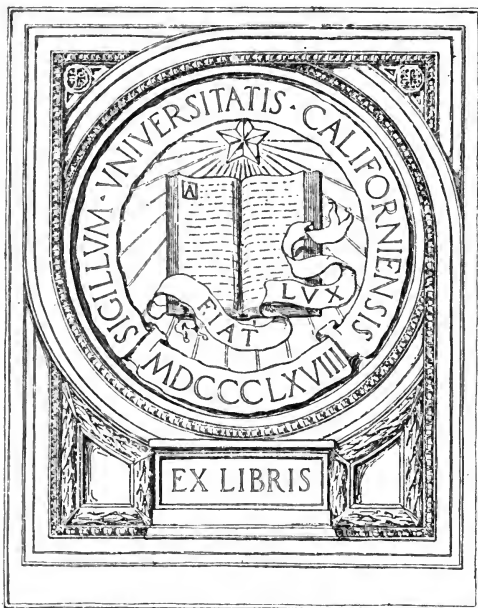
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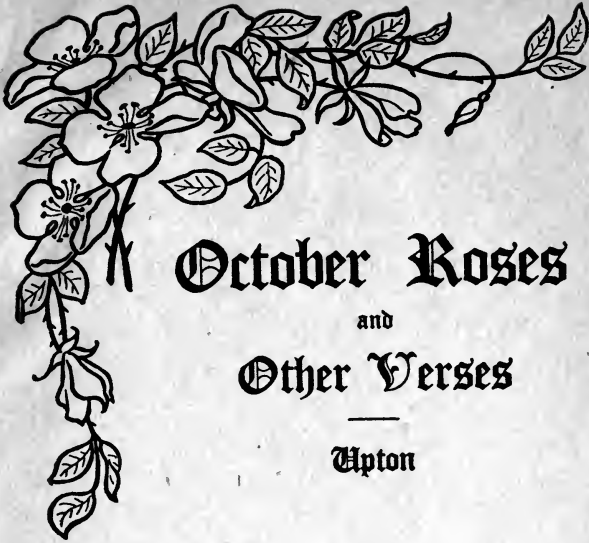
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October Roses

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Susan B. O. Upton

OCTOBER ROSES

AND

OTHER VERSES

BY

SUSAN CONDÉ OSGOOD UPTON



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THE NEUNER COMPANY
LOS ANGELES

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Susan Condé Osgood Upton

TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

This book is lovingly dedicated to

My Children

believing that no other souvenir that I can leave them
would hold so much of my heart or express
so well my hope and faith

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OCTOBER ROSES AND OTHER VERSES

October Roses and Other Verses

OCTOBER ROSES

HOW I loved the sweet wild roses
Hiding where the grass was dense
In the little unploughed angles
Of the gray, old zigzag fence!
To find again their baby faces,
Like the lilt of olden tune,
Thought of time and place erases—
Life, again, is in its June.

They are blooming in the canyon,
Seaward—winding, blossom fair.
Fragrance of them—June's own darlings—
Scents the ripe October air.
Through the California valley
Softly sifts the ocean dew
And the sun-kissed buds, responsive,
Lift rosy petals to the blue.

What secret chemistry of nature
Brings them to this frostless dell,
Where Summer's mystic messengers
Hold the seasons in their spell,
Where June, the radiant, flitting guest,
Of frosty northern lands held dear,
Dwells and twines her wild-rose wreaths
Round the blossoming year?

Hint they of some far-borne blessing
Glowing in perennial charms,
That shall slip not, evermore,
Out from close detaining arms?
Speak they of the hope, unfailing,
Crowned, at last, by late-won prize?
Of the faith that steadfast holdeth,
Love whose blossom never dies?

HUELA DE NOCHE

FRAGRANCE of the tropic night,
Denied to the all-wooing light
And lavished where the shadows lurk
Amid the darkness, mist, and murk,
Thou art the prototype of such
Rare souls as move at Pity's touch!
Their strength and beauty hidden lie
When gay Prosperity rides high,
But rouse whene'er misfortune falls,
Eager to fly where sorrow calls,
Or pain that, unrelieved and lone,
Unto the midnight maketh moan.

Night flower, thy perfume lives unspent
Outside thy kindred element,
Like human spirits, dull and cold,
That might in blessing rich unfold.
And thou art blest to know thine hour,
For many lives find not the power,
The touch, the key, the hidden spring
To give the song and sweetness wing.

Some virtues must be sorrow-born
Since Sorrow is; and when, forlorn,
I tread the vales of adverse fate
I would this blossom imitate;
I'd bid the grief that must ensue
Develop love, pervasive, true,
And from my inmost spirit wring
Fragrance that joy could never bring.

THE AVIATOR

LOOSE the ropes! Up and away!
They watch for us along the bay!
Danger? Risk? That is the breath
Of life to us who ride with Death;
Who 'scape his clutches by a hair
In breathless battles in the air.
Let those who cower at danger stay!
Life was given to fling away!
Life is not a coin to hoard,
'Tis priceless wine to be outpoured
In high emprise. By this we live
Nor shrink the last full meed to give.
To risk, to pour the last drop in,
Face doom—and, then, to win, to WIN!
This the creed that thrills the soul,
That wings the air-man to his goal.
So, loose the ropes! Up, and away!
They wait for us along the bay!

They wait. They watch with straining eyes.
In vain. Beneath the waves the bird-man lies.

What boots it that one battle's lost?
We'll conquer yet, at deepest cost.
Some pilot, yet, will safely sail
Where these bold souls have missed the trail.

A NEW TEXT FOR MEMORIAL DAY

ON fields where battle echoes sleep
As silent as the hearts its fury stilled,
The grass grows green, the sod is deep
Enriched by blood that brave men spilled
In sacrifice that left unmeasured debt.
On peaceful acres scattered east and west
Where never cannon roared or sword was wet,
Here and there, where'er their soldiers rest,
Memorial day forbids the nation to forget.
Flower-strewn the velvet sod that overlies
These mounds, with marbles for remembrance set,
And in their presence thrilling memories rise.
How true they were in those red battle days,
How loyal to their vision of the right,
How deaf to voice of profit, pleasure, praise,
Or fear, how confident that in the might
Of God their cause went marching on!
In this firm faith, with loyal breasts they met,
Unstirred, the hurtling steel, the bayonet.
To cherish, safe, their high ideals of right
They pledged their brave young hearts,
 their manhood's might,
And at the bullet's mark, the saber's edge,
They paid the last full measure of that pledge—
Yes—purchased with their parting breath,
Their nation's life—and paid in wounds and death.

A grateful country mourned, yet gloried in its loss.
A bleeding country bowed beneath its heavy cross.

Remembering, still,

The glory of those gifts,
The hurts, the griefs, it watches, now, for rifts
In War's black clouds, to see its rayless night
End in the dawning of a higher light.
Its call, to-day, goes forth to God and man:
"Lead forward to some kindlier, wiser plan!"

 Their country's cause, these brave
 men died for—yet,
Their own high faith with equal faith was met.
Fierce foemen they—yet oft, alike, at mother's knee
Were taught the Christian's code of loyalty,
And each in inmost heart had vowed to stand
Faithful and true to conscience's high demand.
This, the revelation of the years,
Uncovers tragedy too deep for tears.
Time hath other tragic lessons brought
The earth, since brother here with brother fought;
Yet, nations dull of heart, stubborn of will,
Have strong and stronger forged the tools that kill,
Unto this day—a day of deeds accursed—
Flames from the pit, volcano-like have burst—
A holocaust beneath whose baleful glow
Mothers' sons in ranks of millions, lying low,
Cry out to earth and Heaven that war shall go!

Wherefore fight? By woe, and waste, and blood,
Can truth be taught, or men made wise and good?
O blinded peoples! Flee this savage state!
Make war, henceforth, on courts of Justice wait.
For hark! the murmurings of all past years,
Deep undertones of protest, silences of tears!
And underneath the din of striving tongues,
Stern, steadier than thunder of the guns,
Comes near the rumbling of Rebellion's breath—

Christendom against this Reign of Death!
I seem to hear the legions, militant,
And on the upper air is borne their chant:

“By all the cherished hopes of those
 who trust in coming good,
Who blazon on their banners white
 their faith in brotherhood,
By the sacrifice of Him we name
 ‘The Prince of Peace,’
By the sure promise of the Holy Book
 that wars shall cease,
By the woe of countless mothers, ye, who
 know a mother’s heart,
Take up their cause, O, Christian brothers,
 ye, who take a brother’s part!
And peoples of the earth, ye, from
 its farthest land,
Unite, and echo round the world a wakened
 world’s demand!
Into plowshares beat your swords,
 uplift the arts of peace,
For love and brotherhood shall rule
 and war and bloodshed cease!”

Then, from valleys, misty grey,
 Sounds a thrilling, sobbing tone—
Voice of women—they who lay
 Tear-wet buds above their own:

“Is it to feed the maw of War
 Ye nurse the man-child at the breast,
Only to see his body torn,
 At some madman’s behest?

For this you bred him strong and bold,
And cherished every charm?
That he might take the battle's front,
Men ride to victory o'er his form?"
Nay! By the love with which we loved them,
By these fragrant flowers we strow,
By the tears we shed above them,
By the hate of hate we know,
War—that hell of waste and woe—
Black and brazen curse must go!
By the pain that racked them long
Ere the bullet's work was done,
By the torturing weariness
Ere the battle day was won,
War—that hell of waste and woe,
Black and brazen curse must go!"

Hear the children making moan,
Orphaned, hungry, cold and lone!
Know this, sure: their feeblest cry
Shall rise unto the Heavens, high,
And every rude, untimely tomb
Shall nearer bring the day of doom!
The cup of wrath doth overflow.
Judgment thunders, rumbling low,
Shall drive from earth war's brutal lust,
And break its engines into dust.

Christ of Gethsemane! Speak, now!
To Thee let Kings and Captains bow!
Speak, in Thy might, the regnant word:
"Put up thy sword! Put up thy sword!"

THE WHITE, THE RED, THE STAR-SET BLUE

HOW brightly it gleams, like a lofty light
High hung to illumine the nation's night.
Overhead, like a flower on its stem it sways,
Every stripe pointing straight to the better ways.
It is freedom's own flower and the heart of the earth
Long nourished the seed that hath given it birth.

We love thee,
O, banner of freemen, true,
Our flag, white and red
With the star-set blue!

Fair flag of our country, glorious, free,
Far flung be thy colors o'er land and sea!
For, lo, thou art Liberty's foremost sign
Of progress and justice and right, divine!
Thy stars, as they beam through the field of blue,
Are like to the stars shining over us, true!

We love thee,
O, banner of freemen, true,
Our flag, white and red
With the star-set blue!

Alone to the forces of hate and ill,
To footsteps that blast, to the hands that kill,
Our flag flings defiance. By brave men borne
It signals to foemen their wrath and scorn.
For right shall be might where the people reign,
Where floats our proud ensign that knows no stain.

We love thee,
O, banner of freemen, true,
Our flag, white and red
With the star-set blue!

No tyrant bears sway underneath its stars,
To woman or man there are set no bars,
For human equality standeth still
Supreme in the might of the people's will.
For memories, brave, writ on all its folds,
For promise of good every symbol holds,

We love thee,
O, banner of freemen, true,
Our flag, white and red
With the star-set blue!

Hail, glorious flag! From thy stately height,
Wave on in thy beauty for God and Right!
So clear be thy colors, so pure their glow,
Thy shining shall banish the base and low,
And lift to new levels of wisdom and might
The land that we love, with its ensign bright!

We love thee,
O, banner of freemen, true,
Our flag, white and red
With the star-set blue!

RING TRUE, O BELL!

*(The bell of All Soul's Church in Washington was made by the revolutionary patriot,
Paul Revere.)*

RING true, O bell,
In thine old and ivied tower
Sound thy call at worship's hour,
Let the country's rulers hear
The patriot call of Paul Revere!

Long, long ago,
With skillful hand he fashioned well
Thy brazen round, O, ancient bell!
Through thee his clarion summons rings,
Still calls to strife for better things!

Ring high, O bell,
Let thy swelling music grow,
Drown clamor of the mean and low,
Catch the note of heavenly chimes
To heal the discords of the times!

Ring low, O bell,
Catch the sob of earth's distressed,
Bid it stir the ruler's breast,
When lowly bowed in worship's hour,
To rightly use God's gift of power!

Ring clear, O bell,
When sounds of tumult, strife and greed
Confuse the calls of human need,
When counsels bring not faith or light,
Sound one clear note for God and Right!

Ring on, old bell,
Long ere the spark, electric, bore
Instant thought from shore to shore,
Thrilled tidings from thy iron tongue
O'er storied walls of Washington!

Still, peal on peal,
Voice spirit of that earlier age,
Our country's chiefest heritage,
Till far-off people learn thy tone
And make our fathers' faith their own!

SEQUENCES OF ERRORS

THE surf to-night is heavy,
It breaks with thunderous roll,
Like sequences of errors
Whose memories shake my soul.
Far out beyond my vision,
Some cause I cannot name
Gave force to yonder breaker,
Inrolling like a flame.

Even so, some sin or failure,
Far back along life's path,
Gave fury to the tempest
That falls on me in wrath.
Once, I could curb the error
But, now, cannot restrain
Force gathered since I gave
That wayward impulse rein.

The very air seems heavy,
Charged with a weight of woe,
For tragedy has fallen—
Fallen like a sudden blow.
Who knoweth its beginning?
Was it in scandal's breath?
What trifles in their keeping,
Hold ruin, wreck and death!

To loose the rock is easy,
Along the mountain trail;
But who can stay its falling
Far down the pleasant vale?
Then soul, O, soul, be wary!
So slight the rock, the wave,
So strong to drive ashore
A wreck—or dig a grave!

IN MEMORIAM
HEROES OF THE TITANIC

OUT of the night leaped the sword of the North!
In silent might its cruel edge struck forth,
While not a sound of warning swept the seas
Where sailed the Titan ship—man's master-piece.

Hast thou a prayer? Lift, now, thy voice on high!
Pray! for the iceberg's chilling breath is nigh.
God save the ship—let it safe pathway find,
For, lo, it beareth men of kingly kind!

Too late for plea or prayer! Yet God is just,
And when the ice-spears made their fatal thrust
He bade them touch soul-depths—the vital flame
That burns away man's selfishness and shame.

Then bright against the background of our woe,
Limned in such glory all must know,
Flashed forth as with the stroke of flint on steel
God's noblest work—humanity's Ideal.

Unblenchingly, they strove with Death that night—
Strove to save; to keep their honor bright.
In highest sacrifice wrought out God's plan:
To give, once more, His measure of a *Man*.

THE LITTLE GREY POSTMAN

THE Little Grey Postman traveled his rounds,
While the summers faded, o'er and o'er;
And grey was his horse and grey was his cart
And grey was the coat that he wore.

He was slender and old, but, twice every day,
His whistle was heard without fail.
In sunshine or snow it sounded away,
For, come what would, there came always the mail.

A rosy-cheeked maiden stood oft at the gate
For the letter her lover would send every day,
And the little old man seemed always late
To the heart that beat so eager and gay.

She smiled and she sang as the days went out,
But the postman wore neither smile nor frown,
For, if no letter came, he knew without doubt,
That the lover, himself, was in town.

So passed the days until one brought change;
The grey pony stopped at the gate, unbid,
While the postman murmured, "'Tis passing strange
In what package that letter of hers can be hid."

It may be that he missed the sunny brown locks,
But he only jogged on in the shimmering noon,
Nor gave sign that he heard, at the corner box,
The softly sweet strains of a wedding tune.

Did it matter to him that lovers were wed—
That a sweet face waited his coming no more?
There were stories like that every day, to be read
In the bundles of mail that the little cart bore.

So, year in and year out rode the little grey rig
In the treadmill of duty, impassive and grim—

The faithful old pony, the rattling old gig,
The old leathern pouch and the postman slim.

Until, wistfully waiting, once more to the gate,
Came the maiden remembered, tho' girlhood had gone,
And she looked for her letter, or early or late,
As she tended her children, at play on the lawn.

Did the old man mark on his silent ride,
How she counted those days of waiting and strain?
Did he wonder if love or the lover had died,
If husband or home would come ever again?

Was he glad when it came—that letter so late?
Well he knew the bold script of the lover's hand,
Though he saw on its face, as he stopped at the gate,
The odd blue stamp of a foreign land.

O, the heart beat true, 'neath the old grey vest,
To the lovers that loved through trials untold,
And none ever knew what the old man guessed
Of the letter that came from the land of gold,

For soon the worn rig and the old man grey
Went jogging along on their beat no more.
A long delayed message came one day
And its face the stamp of the Home-land bore.

He laid down his pouch and sent in his report:
"Send another man out my place to fill."
And the little grey craft came swift to port—
The heart 'neath the blue grey coat grew still.

But the little grey postman who carried the mail
While the years went round and the children grew,
Still holdeth a place that cannot fail
In the hearts of those who knew.

AILEEN OF PRAIRIE RONDE

FAIR was she as a spring bloom
Made for sunshine, not for gloom,
Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

A country maiden, simple, true,
With sunny, smiling eyes of blue,
Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

Farmer folks her parents were,
Cared not for city life and stir,
Serene in Prairie Ronde,
They planted, harvested, and smiled
To think their thrift should serve their child—
Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

Rode to the ranch one summer day
A lover fine with manner gay.
O, she was proud and fond!
None wondered he, so grand and tall,
Should choose the fairest rose of all,
Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

The friends who loved her smiled to see
Her eyes grow bright with love, for she
Was loved of all around.
And oft those summer days 'twas said
A lucky lad he'd be to wed
Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

When autumn came, all lover-wise
With promises and soft goodbyes
That seemed to seal their bond,
So fine, so false, so cruel kind,
He went, and left, forlorn, behind,
Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

From north or south came never word,
From east or west was never heard,
 Or message, sight or sound.
Then paled her cheek and drooped away
The bonny girl once bright and gay—
 Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

No skill could save, no loving art
Availed to heal the broken heart,
 So pure, so true, so fond.
And soon, oh soon, the snowflakes light
Draped her couch with purest white—
 Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

Whene'er I see a lily's snow
Crushed by careless foot lie low,
 I think of that white mound
And that false heart doomed to regret.
Let fate forbid it to forget
 Aileen of Prairie Ronde.

A RETROSPECT

I HAVE looked on life with the eye of a child
Whose heaven was made when his mother smiled,
And the truths that were true to me that day
In the tears of the next were washed away.

I have looked on life from the rosy glade
Where it shines for the eyes of man and maid,
Till the daily friction of labor and care
Has stolen the bloom it was wont to wear.

I have looked on life through the parent's eye
When love pulses warmly and hope beams high,
But when pathways grew rough for the tender feet
Then, the cup of my joy was but *bitter-sweet*.

I have looked on life from the winner's place
On a glorious day in a worthy race,
Yet, broken and lame in my clumsy shoes
I have gone away, humbly, with those who *lose*.

Youth perceives only life's sunshine and light,
Dull age, but the shadows of coming night.
Still I hope, in some realm of perennial youth,
To view it, at last, from the standpoint of truth.

Mirrored but darkly by prophet and seer,
The riddle of life is not yet clear.
None know how our credits and debits will look
When open-eyed Justice shall balance her book.

MEMORIAL ROSES

I WILL not mourn that I cannot lay
White roses of love on thy grave, to-day,
For I learned in thy life, beloved, to know
In what fields the soul's white roses grow—
Fields, where the hot yellow harvests cry
For sacrifice, full, and courage high.
I would weave thee a chaplet of these alone—
Flowers in the fields of service grown!

THE NATAL TIE

THE sun never loosens its grip on the beams
That stray, far and wide, over deserts and streams.
Born in its deeps, one in substance and name,
Forever they are fed from its bosom of flame.

The sea never loses one breath of the mist
That is woo'd from the billow the sun hath kissed.
From its play in the rill, from the iceberg's long sleep,
To the end, it is bound for its home in the deep.

The heart of the parent never loses its child
Though he sleep in the cradle or wander the wild.
The love, that once bound at the dear home hearth,
Shall bind them, for aye, in Heaven or earth.

So the Heavenly Arm, that encircles to save,
Will hold fast His own through death and the grave.
From his birthright, divine, no power shall part,
The soul anchored safe in the Father's heart.

“HE IS RISEN”

(ST. JOHN 24TH CHAPTER)

THEY were blessed who walked by the Saviour's side
Over Palestine's plains, by Tiberias' tide,
Who at Jordan's shore heard the voice from above,
Saw the Spirit's descent in the form of a dove,
In whose presence His feet trod on Galilee's wave
And who heard him call Lazarus forth from the grave.

They were blessed who received benedictions of peace,
When from death and the grave He had won his release.
While His measureless love and all gifts of His grace
Shone upon them from His glorified face;
But the blessing of blessing is kept for the eyes
Of those unto whom, in His light, Christ doth rise
To shine in their hearts, once in darkness and sin,
To reign on the throne of His kingdom within.
Since those, unto whom He appeared from the grave,
Were sent forth by His mandate to seek and to save,
Let not hearts upon which He has risen be slow
To work for the Master wherever they go.
“Lo, I will be with you even unto the end!”
Is His promised word—our Redeemer and Friend.

MY FATHER'S PRAYER

OF T, in retrospect, I see this picture fair unfold,
In heart it holds a sacred niche, all framed in
memory's gold:

A newly risen sun sends forth its freshest morning rays
Across the long, green levels, into narrow woodland ways;
On snowy breakfast cloth the plenteous morning meal is spread;
Soft silence broods, a space, the Holy Word is read;
The gathered household lowly kneel, and, on the morning air,
I seem to hear, once more, the echo of my father's prayer.
All incomplete the words of penitence and faith and praise,
And, yet, like stars from darkness shining, here and there,
a phrase

Comes ringing down the years to one, who through them all,
Believes the good he prayed for doth in blessing on us fall.
O, heart of mine, forget it not—that dear, old-fashioned prayer!
But lowly bowed, in deed and truth, each wise petition share.

LOVE RULES

A HYMN

I KNOW not why so often
The shadows o'er me dwell,
But one who loves me ruleth,
And therefore all is well.

All is well,
Yes, surely all is well,
Love rules and all is well.

My soul still questions sadly,
Of sorrow, pain and loss,
Though all their glorious meaning
Is shining from the cross:

All is well,
Yes, surely all is well,
Love rules and all is well.

O soul, so slow in learning
Thy part to do God's will!
Though weary, troubled, weeping,
Have hope, have faith. Know still

All is well,
Yes, surely all is well,
Love rules and all is well.

I choose Thee! Yet my Father,
Crave still the worldly show.
O cleanse me. Rule me wholly,
So I, through grace may know

All is well,
Yes, surely all is well,
Love rules and all is well.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

SOME sparks of California gold
Grew vital in her teeming mold
And sent soft clinging leaflets up,
Each folding close a golden cup.
All hidden till the warm showers came,
When, lo, the foot-hills seemed aflame!
And poppy fields in yellow grace
Draped round the lofty mountain's base,
A fair and fitting floral sign
Of golden wealth in field and mine.

IN HIS HAND

I TRUST. I do not understand.
I give me to my Maker's hand.
He knows the metal He has made—
What heat will temper this crude blade,
And not one whit too soon or late
Will send the messenger of fate.
His key may ope that way or this,
I'll not complain: my time is His.

THE UNFAILING GUIDE

THOUGH winds may be contrary, give thee no rest,
Though waves may repel thee or haste thy behest;
Not aught of it matters. He chooseth for thee
Who once stilled the tempest on far Galilee.

He knew there were young ones and weak ones and frail
And erring, whose faith, like Peter's would fail,
And He holds them all safe. His, the way, His, the sea,
His, also, the Port where the storm-tossed would be.

His moonbeams stray not through the aisles of the night;
His star-worlds miss never their orbits of light;
And not less shalt thou, though a child of the dust,
Be held of the Spirit in Whom is thy trust!

RESURRECTION HYMN

SOUND forth your harps, below, above,
Sing praises to Almighty Love!
Lo, Death is dead and Life is born
This morn of blessing—Easter morn!

Declare, O sun and bud and bloom,
The broken bonds of nature's tomb!
While pulsing life each leaf-bud swells,
Ring bells of Easter, lily bells!

Since Christ arose, we, too, shall rise.
Then sing, ye hills of Paradise!
Let praises every tongue employ,
O, joy immortal, Easter joy!

SONG OF JOCHEBED—MOSES' LULLABY

SLEEP, child, within thy bed of rushes,
Sleep sweet while wind and wavelet hushes;
For One shall pluck thee from the waters
Who sees the tears of Israel's daughters.
He feeleth all our grief and sighing,
He knows our love and faith undying;
His guard around thee—more than regal,
Holds thee safe as the young eagle.

Refrain: Sleep sweetly—angel bands are near
To safely fend from foe or fear;
To sing to thee, songs soft and low,
Such songs as only angels know;
To hold thee, fold thee, guard thee well,
My son, my hope for Israel—
The hope, the hope of Israel.

To Egypt's wrath thou art not given,
I yield thee to the love of Heaven.
My heart shall shrink not, fail nor falter
To lay thee here as on an altar.
Through thee, as in the ancient story,
Our God shall manifest His glory,
And though the yellow Nile may rock thee,
Pharoah's gods shall never mock thee.

Still lives the God of Israel's mothers,
Whose sorrows rise beyond all others.
His promise holds that arms of her
Shall cradle the Deliverer;
And in my soul a voice revealing
Proclaims thee for the people's healing.
His truth abides; His word hath spoken;
The bonds of Jacob shall be broken.

NATURE

WHO loves not Nature hath not walked with her
Beneath the stars, beside the murmuring sea,
Among the flowers or in the fragrant woods.
Hath not, with quiet heart and mind, traversed
The peaceful windings of a country road
Where every wild rose wears a welcoming smile.
The worried hearts and hurried feet that pass
Consider not the lilies, how they grow,
Or they must love fair Nature's changing show—
Her tender moods, her apple blooms and rose,
The graceful willows drooping over banks
Where rippling brooks go singing toward the sea,
Gold of sunsets, rainbow arch and cloud
Of sun-kissed whiteness hint of Heaven above,
Of undreamed beauty in the Land of Love.

CALIFORNIA—A PICTURE

CALLAS and roses and white marguerites,
Scent of the oranges' blossoming sweets,
Stately magnolias shedding perfumes,
Palm trees gracefully waving their plumes,
Fig trees spreading their branches wide,
Cushions of green where the violets hide,
Green, spreading vales with their verdurous vines
Entwining the trunks of odorous pines!

Soft rolls the fog from the canyon deeps,
Purples the robe of the rock-covered steeps,
Changes the radiant hues of the day,
Darkens the green, turns the blue into gray!
Riot of color and sheen of the sun
Fade! and the beautiful day is done—
Gone with its grace, its glow and its glee—
Day in this land by the western sea.

APOSTROPHE TO THE HUDSON

BEAUTIFUL river, dream of my dreams,
I sail on thy brightness, I gaze on thy gleams,
And no wonder have I
That, in years gone by,
Brave men of my blood
Should have sailed o'er the flood
To hew them out homes by thy side.
Then, as now, thou wert fair as a bride.
Trailing from thy jeweled crown,
The gray fogs drape thy gown.
By far-off sunbeams kissed
Thy fair veil's changing mist
With feathery, floating softness fills
The glory and strength of thy castled hills.

Bright river of beauty, of song and of fame,
Since Hudson discovered and gave thee thy name,
How humanity's tides
Have surged at thy sides!
And Fulton's high dream,
When he harnessed the steam
To the fleets of the sea, made conquest complete;
And lo, the round earth lays its gifts at thy feet!
Changeless the grace
Of thy classic face!
And thy green hills shall stand
The pride of the land—
Where its noble have lived, where its poets have trod,
And learned, in thy smile, of the beauty of God.

ON MOUNTAIN TOPS

(Written on the summit of Tennessee Pass, Colorado, where the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific divide.)

THOU givest life that man may rise
Toward Thee, O Lord, and Thy pure skies,
May upward mount, on eagle wings,
And join the song all Nature sings.
Why dwelleth he, in groveling ways,
When peaks on peaks rise up to praise?
Why sink in damps, unblessed of sun,
When waters, pure and shining, run
To show their joy in serving Thee
As they rush onward to the sea?
O Thou, whose miracle uplifts
These rocks and ridges, mounts and cliffs,
Teach us by miracle to know
The path in which our souls may grow
To join these hills and water-ways
In praise for growth and growth to praise!

INSEPARABLE

MOURN not too much o'er broken ties,
Safe, at the journey's ending, lies
Sweet Heaven's rest.

The hearts that love are Heaven-sent
To scatter forth the blessings lent,
At God's behest.

As part twin drops, on mountain peak,
To shed on plains and forest bleak,
Moisture and bloom—

One east, one west, afar and free,
Until they meet in cloud or sea—

Their primal home,
So loved and loving hearts may fare,
Apart, o'er rocks and deserts, bare,
Rejoiced to give

To thirsty lips, in time of need,
The cup of water—blessed meed—
That bids men live.

Nor north, nor south, nor low, nor high,
Much matters to the wings that fly
Like Noah's dove,

So blind, so sure, through storm and dark,
Onward, toward home, the peaceful ark
Of God's great love.

Such ties are of the spirit born,
By time or distance never torn.

O Love Divine,
The ways that part but lead to Thee,
The struggles brave, the labors free,
Perfect, refine!

Ties hold, unbroken; tension, true,
Brings back to love, its own, its due,
In days to come.

Like drops that meet in Ocean's breast,
So love, with Love, shall find its rest
In Heaven's home.

EVER PRESENT

LIKE a swift-flying journey, our days speed along;
There is sorrow and work, there is laughter and song;
But never a voyage so dull or so fair
But it needeth the grace of an answered prayer.
In depths or in heights, storm or sun, work or strife,
O, hear our petitions, Thou God of all life!

If amid fragrance and peace, along blossoming shores,
Enwapt in soft airs, we abandon our oars,
Awake us to action, make fit for the gale
And bear up the weak craft in which we must sail,
That we, in the battle, may voice forth Thy psalms
And find peace amid strife, O, Thou God of the calms.

When night, in its blackness, uncovers no star,
When lightnings flash keen and dread thunders jar,
'Mid quakings of earth and the hurricane's breath,
In hours of alarm—eye to eye, we and death,
Our timorous souls, from the furies that swarm,
Hide Thou in Thy stronghold, Lord God of the storm!

When, through wearisome days, we've made ready the soil
And sowed the good seed with full measure of toil,
From weeds and from rust, from blight and from hail,
May our fields be protected, that food may not fail!
Let sunshine and moisture develop the grains—
O ripen our harvests, Thou God of the plains!

If we sink in unwholesome, malarious vales,
Until, soul-sick and sin-sick, the strength in us fails,
Lift us up, like Thy mountains; give us power to bestow
Shelter and blessing to dwellers below!
O, teach us to live far beyond petty ills,
Nearer Thee and Thy Heaven, Lord, God of the hills!

SUNSET BY THE SEA

LIKE diamonds a-quiver the great sea's breast
Is flashing afar towards the measureless west.
Undisturbed by the clamor and clash of the tide
The butterfly boats of the fishermen ride.
Across the blue bay where the shadows lie
Catalina's grey peaks greet the sunset sky.
O'er the purple and pink-robed hills awhile
Lingers the sun with a parting smile—
A swift-fading smile that leaves never a spark
As the tossing waves grow dense and dark.

The isles disappear at the touch of the brush
Of the artist who sails in the twilight's hush,
Painting new scenes on land, sea and sky
As evening and day-time greet and pass by.
The stars shine forth from the darkening dome,
The waves loom black 'neath their caps of foam,
And we watch all alone—the stars and I—
With the sounding sea and the silent sky.

AFTER THE RAIN.

HOW blue is the sky,
Like an infant's eye!
How the emeralds beam from each leaf on the tree!
Now the rain-washed air
With a clearness rare,
Sweeps down from the mountain and up from the sea.

It has brushed the green pine
On the high mountain line,
It is filtered by passing the crystalline veil
That envelopes the height
Where the frost-wings light,
And down ladders of sunshine it reaches the vale.

Every lily lifts up
Its gold-centered cup,
And the grass of the rain-swept lawns shines fair.
On the clover and rose
And the violet glows
The joy of the breath of the life-giving air.

Upon lofty Mount Lowe
There are ribbons of snow;
Below, there are streamlets that laugh, as they run,
With the shadows that slide
Down the green valley side
Where the oranges hang red-ripe in the sun.

Hear the joy of the birds
Told in songs without words,
Breathe the mingled elixir of mountain and sea!
Ever, sun follows rain;
So there's joy after pain;
Therefore smile while all nature is smiling on thee!

THE LESSON OF THE MOUNTAIN TOP

FROM childhood I have loved to mark
Each phase that nature wore,
And longed for wings to fly afar
O'er mountain, sea and shore—
Afar from prairies stretching wide,
Where peaceful rivers run—
That vast mid-land 'twixt the seas,
Whose corn fields greet the sun.
I longed to spread the cloud-ships' sails
And float with them away,
To see the ocean, lashed with storm,
And feel the salt sea's spray.
I longed the mountain peaks to scale,
To find the lofty spot,
Above the clouds and near the sky
Where toil intrudeth not,
That I might breathe, with all my soul,
The solemn rapture in
And feel that I and all God's works
And God, Himself, are kin.
And He, Who gives the hungry bread,
The thirsty, cooling streams,
Has lent man power to scale the heights
Where nature's grandeur gleams
Beside the glorious skill of man,
Who caught the electric spark,
Ascends the mountains by its might,
Makes luminous the dark.
Now, by its power, I tread the heights
While cloud-waves roll below,

The world of work and worry hid
 Beneath their breasts of snow.
I view the canyon's yawning deeps,
 By storm and earthquake torn,
The rocks where gold and silver hide,
 The depths where clouds are born.
Like vast cathedral aisles, they call
 My soul to solemn calm.
Clad in the glory of the pines,
 They chant a holy psalm.
I catch a lofty, far off note,
 Beyond the song of birds
Or whispering pines, and feel the spell
 Of meaning passing words.
The sunlight melts the clouds away.
 The level valleys shine
As free from roughness, hill or vale
 As yonder water line.
The uplift of the hills forbids
 Our eyes to see the ways
Where rocks and ridges weary us
 Through long and toilsome days.
So, hath the balm from heights, serene,
 Where lofty spirits dwell,
Oft healed the wounds that life hath made
 And soothed us by its spell.
O rock, to rock the message bear,
 O, clap your hands, ye hills,
That man, to man may speak the word
 Your broad horizon thrills!
Let spires of rock and pine cry out
 To men, "Climb upward! Grow
Beyond the mole-hills where ye faint,
 So weak, so lost, so low!"
O, Thou, who from the mountain side

Taught men the path to light,
Thou knowest the feet too weak to climb;
O bear us the height!
And send to us the spark, Divine,
Our souls to energize,
Lift from the sod to hills of God—
Green hills of Paradise!

THE SEA MOTHER'S SONG

HUSH, hush, hush!
The Sea Mother's song is a lullaby long.
Her cradle rocks east and her cradle rocks west,
It swings and sways, at the waves' behest,
With the babes of the sea in their pearl-lined nest.

Hush, hush, hush!
This song does she sing, as the great waves swing
Her restless babes in their toilsome arms;
And they heed not at all the sea's alarms;
Not a fear have they of its haps and harms.

Hush, hush, hush!
If the sea babies cry when their cradle swings high—
If they cry for a piece of the round, yellow moon,
Her lullaby song she will croon and croon—
The Sea Mother's song from noon to noon:
Hush, hush, hush!

THE WAKING OF SPRING IN THE NORTH

THE children are waiting and watching for Spring,
The birds are waiting, too cold to sing,
The young calves stand lowing beside the hay,
The lambkins are calling from far away.
What keeps her so long—has the frolicsome maid
Paused to play, all this time, with the winds on the glade?
In her gray-green robe she has fallen asleep,
And the lambkins' call nor the bird's "cheep, cheep!"
Will cause her to wake or to open her eyes.
"I will arouse her," the brooklet cries,
As it breaks from the ice and ripples clear.
But the Spring keeps napping. She will not hear.
"Wake up, wake up!" cries a whistling breeze,
And he rings the bells in all the trees.
Then, the shivering young things all sob and cry
Till the mist of their tears rises up to the sky.
The South Wind awakes with a mighty frown,
He flaps his great wings to shake the mist down,
And it falls in great drops—drops of warm, soft rain.
Each soft little hammer keeps tapping the plain,
Till the frost is driven from farm and field
And the great ice bridges melt and yield—
When, lo, we look up and the rain is gone,
While there, wide awake, Spring smiles in the sun!

THAT CAT

“**D**RAT that cat!” said Tom, “I drove
It off a dozen times or more,
And here it is a-mewing, now,
Right at the kitchen door.”

Tom hurled a stick to scare it hence,
And sat him down, when from the front
Came shrieking tones: “I’ve tried to drive
That cat away and go it wont.”

Then Lou put on her leather gloves.
(Cats in that house were taboo.)
She bore it bravely to the barn,
“And now it can’t get back,” said Lou.

She shut the doors and stopped the holes,
Thought not how swift a kitten goes,
While pausing at the kitchen door
Where Bridget washed the clothes.

“And what will I be doin’, plaze?
How can I wurruk wid the wee baist
Under me feet?” quoth she, and pushed
The cat aside with high distaste.

Then Lou stood speechless quite a space—
“I’m beat,” she owned, and “I’ll be switched,”
Called Tom, “If I don’t half believe
That brindled feline is bewitched.”

But pa and ma—they only laughed
At Lou’s poor sight and her slow pace.
“Quick as a cat you’ll have to be,”
They said, “to beat one in a race.”

Then, ma pulled out the middle drawer
 (The table linen there we keep),
And snugly in the whiteness there
 That wretched kitten lay asleep.

Then pa and ma and Tom and Lou
 Were ready to believe the worst,
But finding space behind the drawer,
 They knew the cat had found it first.

Yet, an uncanny feeling stayed
 And we were weary of that cat,
And very cautiously locked up
 Our doors and windows after that.

One night the cat was out all safe,
 Lou drew the window up to see,
And there with slant eyes, all alike,
 She saw not one *striped cat*—but three.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SEA

HO, landsmen! See my ranks advance!
On, to the fray they leap, they prance;
Their white plumes toss the spray aside,
In glistening uniform they ride!
Proud flash their spears! In serried bands,
With rush and roar they lash the sands;
For now my warrior waves ride high
And the screaming winds in panic fly!
I am the Sea and my high will,
All these, my vassals, shall fulfill!

Bow low, ye haughty hills of earth,
I tossed ye from my bosom forth!
One onslaught of my maddened waves
Would send your dust to line my caves,
For continents lie buried where
My sea nymphs trail their yellow hair.
My soldiers fall. They never die,
And none are missed when tides ride high!
I am the Sea! Rouse not my ire,
I toy with thunders, laugh at fire!

See my white chargers leap and neigh
And fling their manes of silver spray!
From cavern deeps where they are born
They ride in wrath, they curl in scorn!
From deep sea towers, great bells of doom
Ring warnings forth: "Make room! Make room!"
I am the Sea—the regnant Main!
I brook no bar. I wear no chain!

IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT
WASHINGTON

HAD I a poet's gifts, with which to tell
What subtle charm doth in these marbles dwell,
Could this uplift of soul be put in word
Or that which fills my eyes with tears be heard,
Then would the voice of ages find a tongue,
The stateliest psalm of history be sung;

For down these many-pillared corridors—
These carved memorials of work and wars,
Resounds the tread of hosts, whose battle blade
Protector stood of Law and Art and Trade,
The echoes joining harmonies sublime
To which the feet of ages have kept time.

Here, writ in stone, beneath this golden dome,
Art's changing story read; find, too, the fitting home
Of highest thought man ever, yet, in clay
Or stone or book embodied. Read, and pay
Fit meed to those whose skill has reared and set apart
This shrine, this gem, this monument of art!

Here, marbles bloom, with frozen flame, alight,
And nobly link man's skill with Heaven's might.
The mountain's heart has lent these hues to man,
The frost and foam, the wave and cloud, his plan;
And none may, blindly, through these arch-ways plod,
Beyond the artist, is the artist's God.

THE PIONEER PASTOR

AND he has gone—that dear and saintly man
To whom my youthful eyes were wont to look
For light and guidance in the heavenward way.
And I no more shall take the hand whose clasp
Of friendship was so dear, nor e'er repeat
The farewell oft renewed, as year by year,
From devious wanderings, pilgrim-like, I came
To that bright home set gem-like mid the green
Far stretching prairie land.

This grassy, breeze-swept, billowy plain,
Untrodden and uncultured, met his gaze
When with the adventurous band of pioneers
He journeyed from their pleasant homes within
The fair metropolis of the western world.
Lone messenger of the Cross, he came
To plant the banner of his Master here
And gather 'neath its folds the wandering sheep
Of that wild pasture—so many years ago.
Not then, as now, with space-subduing power,
Swift engines sped across the land; no spark
Electric bound together east and west.
Then, messages from sundered friends were long
Delayed. Then they who chose a lot like his
Spoke farewells that in this swift age are like
To none save those—the last death grants to love.
Yet, hand in hand, with her who shared his life
He braved the hardships of the way, nor deemed
Their sacrifice too great if thus he best
Might serve the Lord.

O, self-indulgent heart,
May kindling sparks from off the altar fires
That rise in token of accepting grace
Where consecrated lives like his are spent
In holy service, quicken thine to like
Devotion! See him leave the city fair,
Bright scenes of busy life and social joy,
The shrines of learning and the haunts of art,
The heavenward pointing spire, the Sabbath bell,
Loved friends, and e'en the graves where slept
the babes

Beloved and early lost; then ask thine heart
If such a spirit moves thy work for Christ.
See him for love of Christ and of men's souls,
In consecration full, forsaking all
The fair surroundings of a Christian growth
And culture germs of which he came to plant
In these *then* western wilds. Behold him still,
All unsustained by plaudits of the world,
Steadfast pursue his self-denying toil.
Not by a world-acknowledged estimate,
Weighed he the work to which the Spirit called.
Round him he drew the children of his flock
And meekly taught them; joyful if he thus
Fulfilled the high commission of his King
And followed in the steps of Him who taught:
"The servant is not greater than his Lord."

The fierce, frost-laden blasts of winter blew,
And radiant springs unlocked the icy doors.
The glowing summers strewed their prairie flowers,
And autumns garnered in their sheaves of gold
While Sabbath by Sabbath, unfaltering, he
Proclaimed that Love's divine effulgence which
Can melt the ice-barred doors of wintry souls

And bid them in eternal beauty bloom.
He saw the harvest white, the laborers few,
The sheaves of souls. In persevering love
He prayed, "O, guide them to Thy Harvest home."
All seasons heard the story of His love
Whose Spirit guides the faithful lives
Of men like him. He gleaned in harvests, scant
But dear, unto the Shepherd, kind, who left
The nine and ninety that he might reclaim
One wanderer home into the fold.

His eye grew dim.
Age crowned his head with hoary locks, yet, still
He taught. I see him now, as with bowed head
He seeks a Father's benediction on
The newly wedded; see him upon the infant head
His hand in the baptismal blessing lay,
And, yet again, by couch of pain repeat
Blest words of comfort from the holy book.
At loved ones' graves I hear his voice declare
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
I cannot think him dead—that toiler, true,
Whose meek awaiting of the summons preached
In words more eloquent than speech the worth
Of earnest lives. His voice is speaking, still,
To shame, O sluggish soul, thy strivings weak.
May He who kept that heart close to His own
Through years of well-nigh thankless toil, grant us
A touch that shall impel *our* lives henceforth
To kindred service.
O, not alone the sacrifice, is his,
Nor yet the long and unappreciated toil.
The crown, the blessing of the faithful waits
For such, the Lord's "well done," the mansions, fair,
Where Jesus is. Into thy life of ease,

Of worldliness, of care, receive, O, soul,
The lesson of this great life, fitly closed.
For Christ leave all, and having found thy work,
Toil, trust, *endure*, if so God will.
Esteem not earth but recompense divine.
So shall thy sun, like his, go down in peace.
Long shall his gracious memory abide,
Touched with something of the glory
Radiant from its rising over on
The Heavenward side.

CALIFORNIA FREE

TUNE AMERICA

FOR California free—
Dear home of liberty,
Your voices raise!
For victory long sought,
For law, new-born of thought
The Master lived and taught,
Give God the praise!

O, messenger of joy,
Your highest notes employ,
Till nations learn
How men of might and will
Bow down to justice still,
Her mandate to fulfill
Their chief concern.

Hail onward march of right,
Hail freedom's latest light,
Her golden hour!
Let justice rule the land,
Her righteous codes command
That give the mother's hand
Just meed of power.

Lead on, yield never place
For subject sex or race,
O glorious State!
Plant firm on thy fair heights
The flag of equal rights,
For on its guiding lights
The nations wait.

Let men through all our bounds
Rejoice. Here Freedom sounds
Her highest word.
From mountain crests of snow,
From flowered vales below
Let grateful anthems flow.
Praise we the Lord!

THE PARABLE OF THE TREE

A Tribute to Susan B. Anthony

MY daily view, in years gone by, was o'er a
spreading wood
Where, high above a thousand of its kind, one
great oak stood.
Above the swaying trees in lofty loneliness it reigned,
Untouched of axe, unscathed of fire, unhurt of
winds that strained.
So had it stood the wandering red man's resting
place and shade,
The guide of sturdy pioneers, ere, yet, the
roads were made.
Each year its roots took firmer hold upon the
solid earth
And higher stretched its giant arms with each
new summer's birth,
As if in benediction o'er a land it served so well
That all the country side was poorer when the
old oak fell.

I looked on fields of life's endeavor, as on that
woodland view;
Amid the changing crowd, stood one whose word and
deed rang true—
One lofty soul who from the height a wondrous
vision caught
And swerved not from it 'mid the clamor of
opposing thought,
Paused not for praise or blame but bravely wrought,
through scorn and strife,
To bring the rule of justice into human law and life.

The world had need of such a life, lifted on high
to bless,
Like signal set for sailor men amid the storm
and stress;
And when its light went out and men the far-borne
message read,
I sorrowed not that blessed rest enwrapped the
honored dead,
But that the sordid times should lose an ideal,
true and rare.
'Twas something more than sorrow—this was loss
beyond repair.
I felt the world was poorer for the standard—
bearer gone;
Humanity had lost a priceless jewel from its crown;
And something of the glory faded out of earth for me,
As beauty fled the green wood when I missed the
grand old tree.

THOSE TIRED EYES

THEY hurt me, grieve me to the heart
With their world-weary smile—
Those eyes from which the buoyant light
Has faded while I watched awhile.

Why should men live to crush the faith
That is the holy right of youth,
To break their trust in God and man
And disappoint their hopes of truth?

They kill the spark of friendly trust
By business greed, and ruthless lies,
Leaving to pierce the hearts that love
Faces, yet young, with *tired* eyes.

LINES TO MY MOTHER

FROM A WORLD'S EXPOSITION

WHAT marvelous things the world has done
Since first I saw the Sabbath sun
On that, to me, fateful March morn,
Four decades since, when I was born!
What labors vast, achievements grand,
Men of my day have wrought and planned!
Set here in panoramic view,
They stir my heart to wonder new.
And I thank God, as well I may,
That I have seen this glorious day—
Have been an atom in the throng
That pushed the mighty work along.
Though I have borne but meager part,
I've welcomed every helpful art
And kept my faith in coming good
When Nature's conquered forces should
Rend drudgery's chain and, strong and swift,
At touch of genius, rise to lift
The souls of men above the sod
To bless their race and know their God.
Joying in this and in glad thought,
I, too, the breath of Progress caught,
I pray, as still my course I run,
To keep in sight its rising sun.

THE WHITE LINE

I STOOD upon the steamer's deck.
Around the wide, wide waters tossed.
The boat seemed but a tiny speck,
Amid the heaving billows lost.
But, ever, as the tiny shell
Sped on before the wind,
I saw that on the darkness fell
A straight *white line*, behind.

O, such a speck as this is man,
Tossed by each wind that blows,
I thought; so short his span,
I can but pray that those
Who after us the course must take
Upon life's changeful sea,
As they sail forward in our wake
That straight *white line* may see.

IMAGINATION

WHAT art thou, wilful, wandering sprite,
With field so broad and wings so light?
Thee no walls of stone can hold,
No robber steal thy glistening gold,
No darkness dim thy vision vast,
No chain be forged to hold thee fast!

Thou dost walk where anguish wails,
Mid scenes at which the midnight pales,
Weavest thy woof 'mid angry waves
Or silence of forgotten caves.
Of what strange substance art thou made—
Joyless 'mid joy, in terror unafraid?

From starry space no sound is heard,
From gleam or gloom no answering word.
Thy phantom craft sails past the stars,
While I, in wonder press my bars.
But, see, yonder a search-light dips
To scan the sea for sailing ships!

It is thy type, O, fleet and free,
Searching mysterious voids for me,
Turning thy light on deserts drear,
Making slow Reason's path more clear,
Bidding the skein of Fate unwind—
I know thee, Search-light of the mind!

THY STILL, DEEP HEART OF REST

O wide blue ocean, in thy beauty dressed,
We see the changing colors of thy pulsing breast,
Thy furrowed shores by tireless arms caressed,
But never sound thy still, deep heart of rest!

So, striving men, like thee, misunderstood,
Are seen storm-lashed and judged by surface mood,
While they, in utter peace, beneath the flood
Are held safe anchored in Eternal Good.

LITTLE FAIRY

“**J**UST see how good I am,” said Betty
 Reprovingly to brother.
And, then, “Little Pharisee!”
 Smilingly responded Mother.
But Betty, unproved,
 Continued with great glee:
“Did you hear what Mother said?
 I’m a little fairy—see?’ ”

VIOLETS

ATROOP of beauties is coming this way—
 Roses, daisies and buttercups gay;
And, while the proud ones don their plumes,
The sweetest of all, the violet, blooms,
Peeps upward through its hood of blue
And shyly bows to me and you.

THE CRUCIFIED YEARS

THE sceptre of work we threw, scornfully, down,
Dreaming not that it meant both kingdom and crown.
When life's sun rose high, in its light, we saw
The road to a throne, and lo, *work* was its law!
Then we cried to the Past, O, banish our age,
Give us again youth's clean, white page!
But there cometh not, for our cries and tears,
Resurrection day of the crucified years.

LOVE AND CARE

LIKE a winged dove,
He came to rest beside my hearth,
I counted not the waste or worth,
 "O Love, sweet Love!"
My bosom glowed with warm content,
With balm and bloom the air seemed blent,
 "Welcome, fair guest!"
I cried, and knew his presence, dear,
Held evermore life's hope and cheer,
 Its warmth and rest.
For Love's sweet sake, I decked my rooms
And made them fair with lily blooms
 That he might share.
But, ere his wings found rest from flight,
A shadow grey crept in from night.
 "O, cruel Care!
Thou grizzled and unwelcome shade,
Within this Eden Love has made,
 Why must thou fare?"
I heard an answering whisper, low;
"Be still, O heart, Love must not know,
 For Love hath wings.
And he shall mourn, or soon or late,
Who fretteth at the shadow mate
 Love ever brings."
Silent, I bowed, for then I knew
The treasure and the trouble, due,
 May not divide.
Since I from Love no more can part,
Henceforth within my house and heart
 Guests twain abide.

MY DREAM

I DREAMED, last night, of a strange wild ride.
Ten strong, trusty men were riding beside.
There was danger ahead, but no one gave heed
Nor slackened the pace of his bounding steed;
For we rode to a rescue with courage high—
We rode to a rescue to win or die.
We rode without pause, straight into the fray,
Put captors to flight and brought, proudly, away
The child we had plucked from death or thrall
By speed, by strength and by daring all.

Deep was my joy and exultingly, then,
I spoke for myself and my dauntless ten:
“To us, for this deed, let none dare to raise
Voice of thanks, or a word of praise!
We have our reward—it is fullest meed
Once to risk *all* in a glorious deed—
To put speed, courage and strength all in
To fly to the battle and *win*—ah, to *win*!”
Even as I uttered the joy of my heart,
Rose one sneering face from the crowd, apart,
Whose scoffing look quenched my heart’s high flame,
Charged me with pride, and I waked—to shame.

Then thrilling still with the glorious dream
I questioned how it shall sometime seem,
When self shall be vanquished, when failure is o’er,
When faith is triumphant forevermore,
When victory’s thrill, when the glow of delight,
The joy of the battle for God and the right,
Shall quench every sneer and shall silence pride,
Will we wish any palm or crown beside?

A NEW YEAR

ANOTHER year! All masked it comes to me—
A soulless segment of eternity.

I cannot penetrate its guise or mood,
Although so many of its flying brood,
Unchecked, since time and I bore company,
Have wrought their will upon the world and me,
Have linked, each unto each, a lengthening chain
And borne me blindly on through fret and strain.

Good year, since thou and I must share the race,
Why shouldst thou still conceal from me thy face?
I may not count thee friend, nor, yet, a foe,
For now a benediction, now a blow
Thou'lt deal; but bring thou safety or a snare,
Together thou and I must fare.
I greet thee with no question, no delay;
Thou hast exclusive franchise o'er my way,

And I have none but to obey thy laws
And ride thy chariots to the final pause.
I know not if another of thy race
Shall meet me with its veiled face
When thou shalt pass, nor am I sure of thee,
Since backward view alone is granted me.
I cannot choose but trust thee without sign,
O year, New Year, do good to me and mine!

FISHERMEN

O LET us go a-fishing!
We'll seek the shading vines
And watch the circles widen
Around the quivering lines.

O, let us go a-fishing
In wisdom's soundless sea
And win with joy the riches
It holds for you and me!

O, let us go a-fishing
Out in the world of men
And hook to ours, securely,
A true heart, now and then.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

WHAT is the meaning of Christmas Day—
The truth underlying the gifts we pay?

Love—just love.

Love is the word of the holy birth—
The message it brings to a selfish earth,

Love—just love.

Worthless the gift of a heart that is cold—
Worthless though fashioned of finest gold.

Love—just love

Ruleth the Christmas in spirit and form,
Keepeth the heart like the hearth-fire warm—

Love—just love.

Love is the truth to the world made known
When angels sang and the glory shone—

Love—just love.

Soul of all sweetness and help—the flame
Kindled to banish earth's sin and shame—

Love—just love.

Cover it not with pretense or show.
Christmas should be in the heart. Its glow—

Love—just love.

Bethlehem's cradle beams with its light,
Calvary's cross proclaims its might—

Love—just love.

CANST THOU BY SEARCHING FIND
OUT GOD?

(*Job*)

BID me not fathom depths of science, cold,
Or seek trustworthy foothold for my faith
In its abstractions, baseless, without God.

I journey in a dark and slippery way
And needs must find a sure hand-clasp,
a Love, divine, or I am lost.

Science is naught if it speak not God's voice—
Its ponderous words of wisdom, meaningless
As brookside babblings or as beat of drums.

Religion, too, is worthless if it breathe
Not love of God a child may understand.

I hold this truth supremely blest and true:

The way to God is straight and plain—the truth,
Christ taught, so simple that a child's heart holds
Its key. "Of such my Kingdom," says His word.

They who would be wise beyond that word,
Who seek in wizard chamber, ancient myths,
In stars and rocks or oriental lore

To find the truth to which the heart may hold,
Are wandering from its light in places dark.

The wisdom of this world is foolishness

With God; and when the Master walked below,
He set a little child before the throng—

Before the self-sufficient, wise and strong—

And bade them come, as little children do,

To Him in love and faith unquestioning.

We are not bid to understand, but trust.

Trust, not wisdom, soothes the soul's alarms
And like the lost sheep on the mountains cold,
Our only safety is the Shepherd's arms.

AN ANNIVERSARY OF SORROW

BELOVED, as the shadows droop, my thoughts
are far away

Within that city of the dead, among the marbles grey,
Where thou dost, still and silent, sleep while I,
with aching heart,

Strive, in life's noonday glare and heat, to bear and
do my part.

I would not break that blessed sleep by sigh or
moan of mine;

God gave thee rest, and, yet, to-night my heart
cries out to thine.

Knowest thou not I have locked up my sorrow,
pain and tears,

And wrought with cheerful, patient love, through
all these lonely years?

The years, complete this Sabbath night, have brought
full meed of care,

Of separation, loss, and tears in which thou hadst
no share.

The earth hath welcomed to her breast those who thy
youth had nursed;

And I have said the last goodbye to those who loved
me first.

The grave hath claimed dear ones. Others have gone
at Love's behest;

For cherished firstlings of our brood have left the
parent nest.

Wee babes in new homes own, to-night, thy lineage
and thy name.

But wherefore call to thee? Would I disturb thy
peaceful frame?

Ah, no! nor stir thee with earth's chance and change,
its loss and gain,
Its watchings by the sick one's couch, its frequent
touch of pain.
Content, I kneel and pray, "God bless and for our
loved ones care."
And feel He hears us join in this, thy constant,
latest prayer,
And dare not doubt that round about our children—
thine and mine—
In storm or calm, the guardian angels' garments shine.
And if an angel guard be set, shouldst thou not
guard thine own?
O, heart of mine, be still? Soon shall we know as
we are known.
Enough if, when with welcoming sweep shall ope the
pearly gate,
Together we may wake from sleep. For this, dear
heart, I wait, I wait.

THE EMPTY CHAIR

A BROAD green lawn that meets the road
A spacious house in country mode,
A honeysuckle climbing o'er
The pleasant porch with broad stone floor.

Beneath the shade, inviting there,
Stands an empty, wide-armed chair.
But, he who filled that chair of yore,
Salutes the coming friend no more.

The slanting shadows part and blend,
The orchards with their fruitage bend;
Still wave the tassels on the corn,
The quail still calls his mate at morn;

But he who loved each field and hill
Comes no more the chair to fill,
Which love within that place keeps set—
Token that love cannot forget.

'Tis not revealed, we may not know
If angels love like those below,
If eyes, that Eden's glories greet,
Look down to view that waiting seat.

And, yet, mayhap, 'mid Heaven's love,
Our sweet earth-ties the heart may move,
Our loved, beyond the golden stair,
Have set for us a waiting chair.

NIGHT AND SORROW

SOB softly, O winds, o'er that grave afar,
Shine mistily on it, O moon and star,
Let tears, as they fall from night clouds o'erhead,
Join mine as I mourn, mourn, mourn for my dead!

The brightness of morn will soon gild yon dome,
The light songs of birds float into my room;
Then haste, moon and star and night-cloud acrost,
To join while I mourn, mourn, mourn for my lost!

I will work with good cheer, live, love while 'tis day,
My grief shall be dumb, my tears put away;
But wrapped in night's mantle, sad, silent and lone,
Unforbid I may mourn, mourn, mourn for my own!

Night followeth day; Death vanquishes Life;
Grief chasteneth Joy; this, this is earth's strife.
When God's day shall dawn, when earth's night is o'er,
Rejoice, I shall mourn, mourn, mourn nevermore!

THE BROKEN SET

I OWNED a set of daintiest ware
With decorations fit.
In quality 'twas fine and rare—
Each piece most exquisite;
And in a fit receptacle
Of carven oaken wood,
Upon whose brightly polished shelves
In tasteful rows they stood,
I kept them dainty, fair and neat,
With neither cracks nor nicks.
To spread my board they were complete—
A perfect set of six.

But, one sad day, a heedless thing
Caused one to slip. It fell.
I heard the broken fragments ring—
Ah, me, a knell, a knell!
A little thing—not very sad—
To break a perfect set?
Others as fine are to be had?
'Tis true, and yet, and yet,
For tears I scarce my table see—
Heart-breaking at the view,
For where the broken bowl should be
The chair is empty, too!

OUR CHILD

HE came to our home like a soft, white dove
And we learned in his eyes the lore of love.

O, deep was our joy!

For us, every morning, there blossomed new grace;
Every day in our hearts made a tenderer place

For the sweet, winsome boy.

He smiled, and our love drew us closer to him
Till the cup of our joy uprose to the brim—

Such a treasure was ours!

He grew, and we loved each dimple and line
That twined round our hearts like a beautiful vine
Decked fair with flowers.

He walked, loosened the clasp of our hands one day,
While we smiled nor dreamed he would further stray,
So short was our sight!

He spoke, and O, unto us be it given
Those accents to hear in the music of Heaven,
For hushed is our night!

He left us—a dew-drop exhaled ere the noon,
A bud which the Gardener took full soon
To the gardens above.

And so barren is earth we'd give all its vain charms
To feel his dear head on our empty arms,
O, child of our love!

Earth cannot hold thee though May-day's bright
Besprinkle thine earth-crib blossom white.

Too cold is its breast.

Thou livest, hast heard a sweet Voice calling "Come!"
And art gone, like a lamb, with the Shepherd home
In his bosom to rest.

LINKS IN LIFE'S CHAIN

(READ AT A FAMILY MEETING)

TO-DAY, through memory's glass the chain appears
Whose varied links bind this to bygone years.
Thought flies back, on wings most sure and fleet,
Until it finds footprints of baby feet.
Frail threads, as unsubstantial as a dream,
Like cobwebs gemmed with morning dew, we seem
To trace, now by life's fears and then by its charms,
Away back to the cradle of mother's arms.
Her clasp first linked us to the great unknown
And gently led us from the shoreless zone
Whence all life comes. Full many a link,
Since then, has come to bind us to the world of men.
Most fitting, though, it seems to us to-day,
That first we pause, tribute to her to pay,
Whose eyes were childhood's guiding stars, whose arms
Our first unfailing shelter from life's harms.
I know the wiser Mind, the truer Love,
And, yet, so blind am I to things above,
'Tis my heart's hope—and higher faith seems hid—
That God will love me as my mother did.
Fond memory leaps across the changeful way
We came, as we, when children, crossed in play
The rippling brook, stepping from stone to stone,
Until it brings to mind our father's tone,—
That voice with fine enthusiasm filled,
Whose speech has oft our youthful spirits thrilled,
So resonant of hopes that filled the time
Of our first youth—his brave young manhood's prime.
Enthusiasm fires our spirits, staid,
Once more, as watered pastures, woodland shade,

Railroads, towns, rise up at his behest
In childhood's Eldorado—the land “out West.”
Some would have clung to the old home, not I;
I would follow the shine in father's eye,
And rejoice with him in each rolling field,
In the orchard's growth and the timothy's yield,
In all the good and gain each season brought.

In those young days I never thought,
As he told us of wealth in field and wood
That his buoyant soul was our chiefest good.
Ducklings will swim and birdlings leave the nest,
And our parents' flock was like the rest.
Full soon the home they dared to make
And kept so sweet and sacred for our sake,
Seemed to us but the branch where, poised elate,
Each waited the call of a life-long mate.
No link was sundered when the flight was made.
Mother, father, sister, brother bade
“God speed!” and so the links of love held strong,
Although the parted years stretched full and long.

How shall we link the years that went and came,
The years that were, and yet were not the same?
Each year, a few gray hairs, a shade of age
To mark the growing numbers of life's page,
Until the angel, dread, the pencil took,
Wrote *finis* on the page and closed the book.
Births, deaths, there were, with sorrow,
 pain and change,
And only love grew never old or strange.

When, with death's white peace upon each brow,
Our parents slept, we knew, as we know now,
Love is the final link upon life's chain
That, yet, shall bind us to our own again.

THE GIFT WAS TOO FAIR

WE had folded the bud in love's warm embrace
And fondly were watching its unfolding grace,
But the opening bud showed a soul so rare
That the Good Giver saw His gift was too fair;
So He sent down the angels to pluck it, one even,
That the beautiful bloom might be perfect in Heaven.

A WELCOME

WELCOME to thy lot and place
Latest scion of thy race!
Worthy bear thy fitting name,
Cherish, faithfully, its fame—
Heritage of centuries three
Rests its honor, now, with thee!
Make thy life a marvelous dower
Filled with growth and grace and power,
Throughout all its granted span
Serve and bless thy fellow man!

BABY'S BOOK

JUST a place and a date
With a name and a weight—
But it opens a record of weal or of woe,
A record, unguessed, and that none may know.
How far, little feet?
Will't be slow or fleet?
Will the road lie fair or must it cross
Deserts of trial and chasms of loss?

Not an answer slips
From the rose-bud lips.
Perhaps it is hope that smiles from them now.
Mayhap, courage is writ on the fair white brow.
Sure, a great wonder lies
In the fathomless eyes
Now gazing about them, below and above,
As they read the old story of life and of love.

'Tis enough, for the while,
To sleep, grow and smile
And cry out at the things that hurt and annoy.
Will life, at its best, give better employ?
Nay, reach with thy will
For all good that can fill
Thy need. Scorn the husk or the chaff. Doing so
Into blessing and power shall thy spirit grow.

TO A YOUNG MAN ON HIS TWENTY- FIRST BIRTHDAY

I SAW a slim, young moon three nights ago;
It hung in its young glory, shy and low—
A segment of a circle soon to shed
Its full-orbed splendor overhead.
A picture of young life it seemed to me,
A shining promise of the life to be.

I saw, a little longer time ago,
A slim, brown sapling just begin to grow—
Saw twig and branch, unfolding leaf and flower
Reach far and farther, growing, hour by hour,
Until, upon its branches, widely flung,
In grateful shade, the joyous children swung.

Some months ago (if reckoned by the sun,
I know 'twas twenty years—and one,
But still, to me, 'twas but the other day),
A human hopeful in his cradle lay.
He thrust his plump, pink fists up toward the sky
And sang his infant solo, clear and high.
Then, while I watched and wondered, just a span,
Grew up and makes his bow to us, a man—
A man, 'tis true, but on life's threshold still.
It is for him to give back, if he will,
Even like the moon, which while the world has rolled,
Gives ever back—returns its borrowed gold,
And like the tree whose leaf and fruit and shade
Give back to mother earth what earth has made.
I would, to-day, with earnestness and stress
The law that rules in nature's work impress:

The moon turns ever to the sun full-face;
The tree gains from the sun its strength and grace;
And growing men must fling the soul-gates wide,
That God's own light their lives may guide
To larger things—strength, helpfulness and power,
Day by day, to life's meridian hour.

GROWING YOUNG IN CALIFORNIA

WHEN one counts his years by decades,
Has seen full many come and go,
Counted by the falling leaves
And counted by the winter's snow,
When one has marked their speedy passing
By springtime's bloom and summer's gold,
Until the truth is deeply graven
That with them he is growing old,
There is waked impulse, resistant
Of the swift seasons' stern decree,
That bids him come to watch them blend
Uncounted by the western sea.
Spring and winter twin-born pass
While roses bloom and robins sing.
Seasons yield their fruits and flowers,
Forgetting time is on the wing.
Waking newly the child-heart
By ceaseless bloom, by wild bird's song,
And nature's changes, truly teaching
That life is new, souls ever young.

MY BOY

GET the good of each passing year,
For each is bringing *manhood* near.
To that coming man be true, *be true*,
His fate, my boy, lies all with you.

LETTER TO A FAMILY REUNION

GREETINGS, dear ones:

And may you have a day of joy
Upon the oak-crowned hill beside the Illinois—
A day that memory shall still hold sweet
In years when even the children's dancing feet,
Now so alert with energy and hope,
With heedful step shall tread life's sundown slope,
A day in which the cloud of care uplifts
And shows the sun clear shining through the rifts.

I send my word to you o'er many a mile,
And yet, in fancy, I can see the smile
On faces loved, can see the mists in eyes
That dim when ever present memories rise
Of absent ones—absent forevermore.
Grieve not. Be glad, as in the days of yore.
Be glad for many blessed years through which
Their lives, their love, their labors, made us rich.

'Tis not to celebrate the family's fame
Or waken pride in our forefathers' name
We meet, but to recall their sterling worth,
Their service to the land that gave them birth,
The heritage they left of honor, truth,
And godly living. Let the heart of youth
Own, gratefully, to this, most sacred debt:
To make life measure to the standard set.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

IN every time and every clime, tho' late or olden,
Love is the same immortal spark, 'tis ever golden.
Its early vows are beautiful as budding roses,
Or as the first faint flush the waking morn discloses.
So deep in us the love of love's new birth is bedded,
That joy doth greet each morning sweet that joins the
newly wedded.

Yet youthful love, even proved by surest test and token,
Is but good ore from rocky mines new broken;
It needs must meet the furnace heat, know friction's losses,
The grind of daily care, the trials and the crosses.
It must endure the fullest meed of time's long testing
Beneath the Great Refiner's hand, unresting,
Before it is forged and fitted for the last imprinting
And stamped pure coinage of the Master's minting.
But when the years have wrought their work, by
custom olden,

We celebrate a festal day—a wedding golden.
Joy to the day—joy to repay all past regretting!
Brighter be love's golden glow unto its diamond setting!

THE DEBT ANCESTRAL

IF to the men and women of our line,
Ancestral, we may trace aught that is fine,
High-souled, courageous, virtuous, true,
It points to duty, makes it doubly due
That we, too, light the torch of faith sincere,
And bear it high to give the dark world cheer.
And lest we fail by selfish word or deed,
Unworthy, stamp upon each heart the creed
Which they, by lives of faithful service taught:
“My rule: not what I *please* but what I *ought*.”

LOVING SERVICE

WE may not serve, as Martha did,
The Master while He sits at meat;
Nor yet, the precious ointment pour,
Like Mary, on His weary feet.
But He, unchanged, sees from above
The smallest service done in love. •

One gave her service, thus would we
Serve Him through service to His own;
But may a love like Mary's be
Sole prompter of the duty done,
That ours may be, though large or small,
Love's offering—its best, its all.

One broke the alabaster box,
Poured out her offering costly, meet;
So let our broken hearts aspire
To consecration, full, complete.
How blest to hear Him, if we should
Pronounce our work, like Mary's, good!

A HYMN

“SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS”

THERE is joy in the service if Jesus be near,
There is sweetness and rest 'mid encompassing fear.
Though the sun may be hid in the cloud-darkened skies,
In the joy of the morning its glories shall rise.

REFRAIN:

Jesus is near us. He lifteth our load.
Jesus once lived, and He knoweth our road.
Knoweth our burdens, our weakness, our woes—
Let us be glad that the dear Lord knows.

O, rejoice all ye weavers who toil at the loom,
Sing for joy, all ye workers who delve in the gloom,
For each stroke of your arm and each furrow and seed
Through God's blessing may comfort some brother in need.

If the field of your work shall be stony and poor,
If a lot like the Master's be yours to endure,
O, exult in the fellowship sweet, for we know
There's a crown, higher up, for the faithful below.

THE COVENANT OF PEACE

The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed.—Isaiah 54.10.

BE thou at rest, my heart, to-day,
To watch the gathering storm-clouds play
Upon the tall Sierras,
Whose mute and changeless peace remains
Through light and shade, through night and rains
To chide our transient worries.

What matter that the storm-king rides
His chariots down their channeled sides
Or makes his playground there?
Like stir of growth or waking zest
Of lusty child on parent's breast,
It makes their joy profounder.

Learn thou to stand serene, upborne,
Centered in peace, though surface-torn,
Steadfast when storm obscureth.
For even though mount and hill depart,
God's kindness will not leave thy heart,
His covenant endureth.

THE MOTHER'S VOICE

OVER the wind-swept prairie's breast
A Voice is heard from out the West.
It calls through rugged eastern hills,
Through sunny, southern vales it thrills.
'Tis not the cry of hunter bold,
Nor sound of pick in mines of gold,
Nor plowman's song whose furrow rows
Make deserts "blossom like the rose."
'Tis not the locomotive's scream,
Whose eye of fire and breath of steam
Go rushing down the river-side
Past huts of sod and homes of pride;
Past cities sprung like Jonah's gourd
From plains by nature's riches stored.
'Tis not the whirr of factory wheel,
Hammer or saw or clang of steel.
Such music clangors far and near,
But gentler undertones appear—
They voice the plea of mother-hearts,
Like this: "O, men, are not the arts
All secondary, for the sake
Of sacred homes that mothers make?
The furrow is turned, the wheels go round
While axes, saws and hammers sound
Only to build that sheltering nest
That men call home and make it blest.
Roads are laid for human feet,
Grain is grown that men may eat.
All art should serve some human need,
Some want of soul or sense should feed.
Why, then, O, ye who rule the state,
Permit a traffic born of hate

To deal out poison to our sons?
Danger, as dire as swords or guns
In foeman's hands, confronts our flock,
Hence, at the door of power we knock
And ask you, men and voters, for
Your help in this the mightiest war
Of modern times. O, not alone
Build railroads that shall belt the zone!
Build up a legal wall to keep
Your children from the foes that sweep
Thousands, yearly, to the tomb—
Thousands to a drunkard's doom.
Take from our streets the legal snare,
Rise in your might and nobly swear,
By all the power God gives to thee,
Our country may and shall be free
From licensed crime. A waiting land
Watches to see you take that stand.
Children lift their pleading eyes,
Mothers look through tears and sighs,
And fathers, too, grief-stricken, moan,
'O Absalom, my son, my son!'
All plead with you in honor's name
To stop rum's devastating flame,
Fire guards to set, as pioneers
Set them, and sleep devoid of fears.
A fire is threatening to sweep
O'er homes where helpless children sleep.
O, make this guard so safe and sure
That they may slumber on secure—
A legal guard to shield and sever
Our country's homes from rum, forever."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MARCHING SONG

(Suggested by the Endeavorers, assembling on Lookout Mountain, Georgia, where they sang a hymn.)

COURAGE, Christians, we are coming!
We are coming millions strong —
Coming in our youth and vigor,
Hear you not our battle song?
“Christ for men and men for Christ!
Forward, storm the forts of wrong!”

Cry of man for brotherhood
Taught and promised in the Word,
Fire and fervor of His plea
All the ages long have stirred.
Usher in its glorious day—
Day of which the prophets heard!

Cease the old sad cry of fathers:
“Absalom, my son, my son!”
Wipe the falling tears of mothers—
This the message of His Son.
Christ for men and men for Christ!
Forward till the world is won!

We will lift our brother, fallen,
Help our sisters to the light —
One in sorrow and in sinning,
Equal each in Heaven’s sight.
Christ for us and we for Christ!
Forward, march we for the right!

Dwelleth love in him who heeds not
When he seeth his brother’s need?
Nay, who lives a life of loving

Pours it forth in kindly deed.
Thus the Master lived and taught.
Onward, to fulfill His creed!

Cease forever wars of gaining!
Long their wrath hath been outpoured.
Ours to fight a nobler battle
Armed with but the Spirit's sword.
Christ for us and we for Christ!
Forward, army of the Lord!

We are coming to the rescue.
We are coming millions strong,
With our faith and high endeavor.
Will you join our battle song?
Christ for men and men for Christ!
Forward, storm the forts of wrong!

RIGHT WINS

WHO wins on battle fields of life?
Who wears the wreath from fields of strife?
Whose courage fails not, storm or calm?
Who never fails to bear the palm?
Who brings bright honor from the field
As Spartan youths brought back the shield?
'Tis he who aims a steady dart,
Who keeps a firm, unyielding heart—
He wins.

Who fails when nations come to test
To stand among the truest, best?
Who, selfish, shuns the storm of wrath,
Who stands, a block in progress' path?
Count the dauntless. On your list
Of friends or foes these names are missed—
Half-hearted men whom all deride,
Claiming and claimed for neither side—
These fail.

By whole-souled men the work is won,
Whose hands and hearts impel it on,
Whose minds of depth and wills of might
Deem every question wrong or right.
They never one atom of principle yield
While Right has foes or Wrong a shield.
For them the golden moments wait—
'Tis these who pluck bright fame from fate.
These win.

He wins who gives the work his heart,
He fails who acts the half-way part.
Be true, be manly, choose your side—
Choose and fling your colors wide!
The world needs men of might and will—
Needs courage and conviction still.
Stand in your place. The wrong oppose,
When Right with Wrong to battle goes!
Right wins!

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE

(For a reunion of old comrades in Christian work.)

TOGETHER in the long ago
We set our feet to tread this way,
Together in the noonday glow
We kept the path and did not stray.
Long friendship links us hand in hand
And lights our far-spent afternoon,
As marching toward the sunset land
Each takes of each one blessed boon—
A word of love and cheer to make
Our pathways bright—for old times' sake,
A word of cheer for old times' sake!

Our souls within us oft have stirred
When, in the times of toil and care,
We've sought refreshment in the Word
And found the fullness treasured there.
Now, when the years behind us grow
O'er long, renewedly we seek
For grace to soothe the wounds of woe,
To lift the fallen, help the weak.
So, once again, our zeal to wake,
Chant we a psalm for old times' sake—
One blessed psalm for old times' sake.

Our marching songs have echoed high—
Dear hymns they were of hope and faith
And loud acclaims of victory
Through Him whose arm is underneath
All true endeavor, strong to turn
Man's weakness into Heaven's might.

Still let us sing with hearts that burn—
Sing of triumph for the right,
Of "Blessed ties" that shall not break,
Of "Firm Foundations" naught shall shake—
Sweet hymns of love for old times' sake.

When hope was young and hands were strong
To meet each duty day by day,
We kept in step with psalm and song;
But, often, lest our feet should stray,
In comradeship of prayer we made
Fervent petition and found grace.
As still we need the Master's aid,
While life accords us speech and space,
Once more in unity we'll make
Our prayer together for old times' sake—
One prayer, beloved, for old times' sake!

THE WHITE RIBBON

I HAVE seen a white gleam
On the thronging street
Where the paths of the strange
And the straying meet.
'Twas the temperance badge—
Just a ribbon of white
But a token of hope
And a promise of light.

Refrain:

O, little white bow
With your saving glow,
Shine on, shine on!
Shine for the things that are holy and pure,
Shine for the truth that shall ever endure,
Shine for the life that is loyal and white,
Shine for victory, shine for right!
O little white bow, with your saving glow.
Shine on, Shine on!

I have seen it again at the hearth of home,
Ere the children have gone earth's by-ways to roam—
Sign of motherhood roused Sin's dark torrent to stem,
That her children's life-path might be safer for them.

REFRAIN

To the hall or the court or the haunts of woe,
Like a ray from the sun comes the ribbon bow.
From the desolate hearth, from the prison-cell cold,
Seek its wearers to bring each lost sheep to the fold.

REFRAIN

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

SPIRIT of Christmas, from Bethlehem's manger,
Breathe forth thy blessing o'er comrade and stranger;
Heed not nor stay for time, distance or weather;
Bind the torn hearts of the sad world together.
Weld closer the bonds that shall never be broken,
Love's kingdom is coming and thou art the token.

A GIFT OF LONG AGO

THE broad and silent Mississippi
Lay locked in winter's ice and snow
When I bought that Christmas trifle
Forty years ago.

It was but the tiniest token—
Merest spark of constant glow
Of love that filled our hearts, dear one,
Forty years ago!

So full had been our years together
We did not deem them few or know
We were but children in world lore,
Forty years ago.

And neither portent or pre-vision
Made known how far our feet must go
Through wastes of care and vales of sorrow
Forty years ago.

Still ice-locked sleeps the mighty river
And still its June floods ebb and flow,
Gleams still at hand the gift, so slender,
Of forty years ago.

But vanished are the friendly faces—
Some sleep, some wander, to and fro,
Who were wont to grace our hearth-side
Forty years ago.

Through days o'er crowded, swift and changeful,
By devious paths must memory go
Back to that peaceful Christmas day
Forty years ago.

How many fond ambitions shattered,
How many cherished hopes lie low,
While this dumb gift survives to tell
 Of forty years ago!

To call to mind the kingly river,
The town, the church, our cottage row,
The days we wrought in love, together,
 Forty years ago.

Since then how fast the years unravel—
By lake and sea, in sun and snow,
In lands we had not thought to travel,
 Forty years ago.

Life has not spared the hand of chastening—
The wisdom taught by trial and woe
Has set along our way its warnings,
 Since forty years ago.

And yet the best of life abideth:
God's love and thine I know,
Still they brighten joy and sorrow
 As forty years ago.

So vivid thine, I'm half forgetting
(And this, dear one, is food for tears)
I have missed thy step beside me
 Through half the forty years!

HOSPITALITY

WOULDST know true hospitality?
Visit the home in Bethany.
See Mary forget house-wifely zest
In joy of welcoming her Guest,
While Martha seeks to entertain
By anxious service, toilsome, vain.
A friendly welcome from the heart,
A love, sincere, was the good part
That Mary chose. And still the guest
Is not by care and cost served best.
Better far than sumptuous fare
The joy that welcoming faces wear!

FROM FAILURE TO FLIGHT

O SOUL, slumber not, plume thy wings,
make thee strong;

Let not failure or fall win thine eyes
from the height

Till conqueror thou shalt rise up
with a song

On wings that through failure found strength
for the flight!

MY PLANTING

I WILL not scatter evil seeds of doubt,
despair and fear
Lest I should in the harvest time, with no
good sheaves appear.
Hope shall grow in fields I sow, whatever
may affright,
And faith my furrows follow, though
I plough in darkest night.

LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUDS

THE clouds hung o'er the sea,
Their mists obscured the view
And veiled in sodden grey
The stretch of burnished blue,
When from some rift unseen
A sudden brightness sprung,
Broke through the imprisoning clouds
That elsewhere closely clung.

A shaft of light gleamed forth,
Though sea and sky were grey.
Before my raptured eyes
An aisle of brightness lay—
A shining path of gold
Across a mist-grey sea
Whereon a shining ship
Seemed sailing in to me.

I know this ship of gold,
Tho' I should journey wide,
Will touch no port for me,
Its decks I shall not ride;
For on life's rugged roads
Such visions often gleam—
Gilt chariots of success
All built of wish and dream.

From some fair realm they flash
Like sunbeams from the sky—
Cargoes of golden hopes
That ever pass us by.
Yet, while the vision glows
Our feet can bear the smart,
For o'er our road it lights
The Highway of the Heart.

THE SONGLESS BIRD

ALL day it fluttered round and round
With one shrill, unmelodious sound—
A wearying and unwelcome thing,
A bird that croaked but could not sing.
But with its final note I caught
A single, true and helpful thought:
Even a birdling's tuneless cry,
The sound of waters rushing by,
Of sighing pines, of quivering palms,
Or *lowly poet's chanted psalms*,
Have place in Nature's chorused song.
Should silence reign where these belong,
All incomplete the grand refrain;
Even Heaven, itself, would miss the strain.

THE HEAVIEST LOAD

HE loved the open, wind-swept field,
Broad horizons, wide, green space
Where mighty strokes bring bounteous yield,
Where champions might run a race.

The height of hills, the river's length,
The broad expanse of star-set sky,
The harvest's bulk, the engine's strength
Busied his mind and filled his eye.

A few long furrows he had ploughed,
Some thrills of contest keen had known,
When weakness gripped his frame and bowed
Him down to petty tasks and lone.

Though hot rebellion filled his heart,
He did his small work, well and true,
Fierce questioning why he, stalwart
Of frame, the weakling's task must do.

Wearied, at last, his hot rage died
And gentle patience gave him rest—
Somewhere his high task might abide
In waiting while he did his best.

But at the end a great light shone,
Envisioning the pilgrim road
And the white gate where one by one
Each weary traveler left his load;

Dissolving questionings and fears,
Attesting surely his high call,
Who all unknowing through the years
Had borne the heaviest load of all.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY GREETING

O WIND of the west, come over the sea;
Mingle with breath of the mountain, free;
Lift up the voices of song and mirth;
Carry the tidings over the earth.
Bright heralds are gleaming in rose and gold
And swiftly the glories of dawning unfold.
Cometh the light of a marvelous morn—
First of the century newly born.

Welcome, thou Presage of coming good,
Welcome, thy promise of brotherhood,
Welcome, the pages, unsoiled, of thy book,
Welcome, the light of thy heavenward look!
O, fare thou with us along better ways;
Wear thou, in our presence, the garments of praise.
For our healing, bring hope, for our bruises a balm;
Bring love for our hating, for turmoil, a calm!

Draped in futurity's misty veil,
Without search-light or seer to reveal thy tale,
Swift-footed, but silent, with noiseless tread,
Befitting the feet that follow the dead,
Thou comest the bloom of our blisses to share,
The night of our sadness, the noon of our care,
Here's greeting and trust that the age to be,
May be kind, may be just and divinely free!

SOUVENIRS

WHEN Summer's rich embroidered robe is spread
Aglow with pearl and blue, with gold and red,
When blossom petals scent the languid air
Till breath of bud and bloom floats everywhere,
Men, heedless, mow the roses with the grass
Nor heed the star-eyed daisies, as they pass;
But when the frost king steals earth's floral crown
And frozen diamonds deck her snowy gown,
Then souvenirs of summer sweets they prize—
The pure faced lilies and the pansies' eyes.
No vase too rich to hold the withered spray
That brings us back the scent of summer day!
How surge the tides of love or pale regret
At sight of some crushed buds of mignonette
That breathe the breath of unforgotten Junes
Or tell of vine-clad tryst 'neath summer moons!

A withered wreath,

All brown with dust of years,
May ope the long-closed fount of bitter tears
And newly bind the heart in sorrow's spell,
For fresh rosebuds, like love's new tale they tell,
Touch not like those whose perfumed breath was shed
On air which fanned the faces of our dead.

But, truly,

Love nor death fill full life's page,
Gifts, fitted for each hand, from stage to stage,
We find—first toy and tool, then book and pen.
Each, one by one, slips from the hand, that, when
'Tis gone with zeal pathetic seeks to save
Their scant mementoes from oblivion's wave;
For cold the mould in which that soul is cast
That keeps no cherished tokens of its past.

THE POPPY FIELDS

AT the mountain's base, lies the shimmering plain
Where the poppies wave like golden grain.
Like fragments of sunshine or billows of gold,
In the breath of the springtime their glories unfold.
The stern old ridges have planted their feet
In the gossamer tents where the fairies meet,
And, when canyon and crag and sinuous trail
Are wrapped in the sunset's dusky veil,
Their matchless embroideries, green and gold,
Edge the soft mantle's encircling fold
With flosses, silken, too fine for a name,
By needles of sunbeams wrought into flame.
O, never a king such robes hath found
As these monarch sierras have wrapped them round.

IN ORANGE BLOSSOM TIME

SOFTLY wafted over seas,
Spring is stirring in the breeze
Of this, her favored clime.
Fragrance rare the breezes fling,
Down the roads the motors sing,
Brides and birds are all a-wing
In orange blossom time.

Out into the fragrant day
Let your feet and fancy stray,
Or with the engine climb
Up on wheel, unwearied, strong,
Down through flowered vales of song,
Joy-ride with the world along
In orange blossom time.

While the waxen petals fold
Secrets of the fruit of gold,
The promise of its prime,
Gossip winds to laughing eves
Breathe of star-white blossom sheaves
Hiding in the glossy leaves
In orange blossom time.

Over all the fragrance dwells,
Ivied walls and rusted bells—
The mission's ancient chime.
Valley of the orange tree,
From the summit to the sea
Fascination clotheth thee,
In orange blossom time!

THE CHILDREN'S FOOTSTEPS

MOTHERS, I hear the children's feet—
Hear them tripping down the street,
From hills and lanes they love to roam,
With laden hands they're coming home!
Shrubs, leaves and blooms they bring—
Priceless treasures of the Spring.
Frown not on the scattered greens,
Some day, perhaps, in distant scenes,
Good may reach your girl or boy
With memory of this childish joy!
Full soon life's growth and changes, due,
Will lead their footsteps far from you.
Then, tho' Spring's first violets bloom,
No little feet will patter home
To bring the blossom litter where
You may in their gladness share!
Into the world of work and men
Your mother-heart will reach out, then,
Yearning to know that in life's din
The wealth their busy hands may win,
As pure a joy to them may bring
As gathered violets of Spring.
And that when evening time is come
Their happy footsteps, safe, reach Home.

WANTS OF THE HOUR

WE want *work*. Faithful hand, willing feet,
eager brain,
The needs of the world are calling again.
Let the white heat of zeal burn in every soul—
Zeal of love to inspire and our service control.
If like sentries we stand, each one at his post,
We shall triumph o'er Wrong and its marshalled host.

We want *prayer*, not a formal unsanctified speech,
But earnest and true, all prevailing to reach
Unto Him who looks down from His radiant throne
Holding blessings in waiting and crowns for His own.
Through such work and such prayer earth and Heaven
shall move
To speed on the long promised dominion of love.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

EVER on the heart so loving—
Ever on the mother's breast,
Lies the heavy load of longing
That her children's lot be blest.

If her human heart be selfish,
Pleading, pleading for her own,
Lord forgive the sin! Send blessing
None the less—yet bless not hers alone.

Everywhere, upbreathes to Heaven
Plea of mother for her child—
Come the cry from hut or palace,
Altar-side or desert wild,—

Lord, receive it. Bind together
Mine that riseth evermore,
Hers whose plea is mightiest,
Hers who never prayed before.

Seal them with Thine own approval,
Though their speech be wise or weak,
They are true heart-cries for blessing—
Blessing, only, love doth seek.

Saviour, let Thine ear be open!
Rachel crieth not alone.
Bind our prayers in one white sheaf
And bear them to the throne!

AUTOGRAPHS

MAY the friction of life's cares
Touch so light that, unawares,
They may polish, yet not mar,
The priceless gem of character!

Men, gladly, battle with the waves
Or, patient, delve in darkest caves
For jewels of the earth,
And shall not we, with equal pains,
Seek those more enduring gains—
The jewels of the soul?

I fain would ask that life, for thee,
Might one long day of sunshine be;
But, conscious that unshadowed bliss
Inhabits other realms than this,
I breathe, instead, one fervent prayer
That thine may be the blessing, rare,
Of acquiescence, sweet and still,
In all thy Father's perfect will.

FRAGMENTS OF VERSE

BEAUTY AND DUTY

I SAW a row of gorgeous flowers
Whose colors brightened all around,
But marked that fragrance filled the air
From lowlier blossoms near the ground;
Thus, I thought, does beauty's bloom
Make brightness where would else be gloom,
Yet duty, love, and humble worth
Shed rarer sweetness over earth.

A FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY

JOY be with thee! Bells of time
Have rung for thee this eighteenth chime!
Before thee lies, like this white page,
Thy life-time space—from youth to age.
O, fill it full of noble deeds,
God give thee wisdom for thy needs!

THE RHYME OF THE AUTOMOBILE

(DEDICATED TO SPEEDERS)

LISTEN to the rhyme of the Automobile—the Juggernaut with the modern wheel, that blinds you with its fierce headlights and runs you down for sport o' nights. A fiend's at the wheel (no horns or hoofs, but a breath and a bottle give ample proofs). Though you ride your own motor car down the street, or cautiously walk on your own steady feet; whether, in fact, you stand or you stir, you live by the grace of some grim chauffeur.

The old man cries, "Alas and alack! The safe old days cannot come back." The youth cries "Ho! as he rescues his frame, "I'll be in on this killing game! It's me for the wheel; it sure will be fun to honk, honk, honk while the hayseeds run."

Here's where our hard earned cash we blow, for it's money that makes the engine go—money and clothes and houses and bread. Yet, "Speed!" is the cry, "We'll be a long time dead." It's "Ho!" for the joy-ride—a scream and a breath, a wild escape in a skirmish with death.

Then it's Ho, for the scrap-pile where money is sunk, with the knife and the morgue for the human junk; for some are breaking their ankles and things; some chasing, too eagerly, angel wings. Many are spending who never earned, driven to deeds that conscience spurned, running a race that leads one straight to the sorry side of the prison gate; for young and old and a many between are riding to ruin *via* gasoline.

DOROTHA FRANCES

GAILY solemn joy-bells ringing,
Sent their rhythmic tones a-winging
Like sunbeam glances.
To me, from far, their cadence came
And bore the music of a name—
Dorotha Frances.

Springing from a mother's bosom,
Sprays of buds that promise blossom—
Hope's fairest fancies —
I send. And may the brightest hope
prove true
That fills thy mother's heart for you,
Dorotha Frances.

THE TRUE TALE OF THE TENDERFOOT

(His Letter.)

DEAR JOHN:
You ought to see this glorious sunrise
With the California glow—
See it tint the mountain tops
With their coronets of snow!
You should scent the Sweet Alyssum
Cool and wet with morning dew,
The ubiquitous Geraniums
That color all the charming view!
You should see the berries redden
On the drooping Pepper boughs,
While the song of mocking-birds
Doth your poetic fervor rouse!
I shall look to see you coming
To this land of sun and song,
And—lest you should forget it—
Be sure to bring your Purse along!

Dear Joe:
I have read the rhapsodies
You are sending us "back east."
Your poetry is most surprising
And that's to say the least!
I will wager you were writing
All about the blossoming hills
With your feet upon the fender
Thinking of the coal man's bills!
And coming down to real "brass tacks:"
You didn't hunt the sun-rise glow,
But longed to trade some scenery
For a furnace-heated bungalow!

I know about your Paradise
Of balmy airs, flowers sweet,
Snowy heights, and (just here, it's time
For some one to turn on the heat.)
Confess, you, tenderfoot! You'd like,
In your sympathetic hours,
To bring the "garden sass" indoors
And warm the shivering flowers!
And then that ocean bath at Christmas!
Of your cool stories that's the nub—
Leave off about the rolling surf,
Confess—you took it in a tub!

Postscript:

Say, old pal, I'll be out there
Quite soon, to help you boost and blow,
You will deride my zeal, perhaps,
But I'll get rid of shoveling snow!

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY

THEY had taught her, "Now I lay me,"
Told her of Heaven up above,
Of Bethlehem, the manger cradle,
Of Jesus and His Love.

And then they told of Santa Claus
Coming with reindeers over the snow,
With lots of toys for girls and boys
If they were good and true, you know.

One day she came with grief and sobs—
Stories of Santa Claus weren't true;
They were just old fairy tales
That all the grown-ups knew.

And when we thought the grief forgot,
She came with frightened eyes of blue:
"Are they all fairy stories—about Heaven
And angels and Jesus, too?"

THEY ALSO

They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.—Is. 28;7.

O NOT alone the straying sheep
On Samaria's mountain steep,
But "They, also," of Judah's land,
Where the Lord's pure altars stand!
Here, drunken priests and prophets reel
Where Jacob's sons were wont to kneel.
Dim the prophet's vision now!
Forgot the Naz'rite's holy vow!
And judgment stumbles, while the cry
Of weak ones wronged is rising high.
Priest and people swallowed up
In drunkenness' forbidden cup!
Shall history again record
A recreant nation's dread reward?
Shall they on whom Christ's light doth shine
Be also "swallowed up" of wine—
Apostate Ephraim's ruin know
And share in Judah's self-wrought woe?
Rise to repentance, ye who hear
The "Mighty and strong" ones coming near!
Declare the judgments of the Lord
On rulers false, who, "for reward,"
Do, now, the wicked justify,
As in the days of prophecy!

The woe pronounced on sin is sure,
The word of God doth still endure.
And our own country, blest of God,
Shall not escape the uplifted rod,
If still through *license*—fell device—
It traffics in the people's vice;
If still the Law's protecting arm
Gives guard and sanction to the harm
Of drunkenness—its sin and shame—
In every land and age the same.
Alas, that they, so lifted up—
"They also" love the poison cup!
Lord, show to *all* the dangerous path!
O, save us from deserved wrath!

CHRISTMAS HYMN

SING me the story,
Sweetest ever told,
Wreathed in a glory
That cannot grow old.
Sing of the Christ-child
Who for us was born,
Who came to the world
On the Christmas morn.

And there was no room
In the inn for them—
For the brow that wore
Heaven's diadem.
A manger was His,
No crown and no throne,
Though kingdoms of earth
All, all were His own.

But the angels came down,
Glory round them shone,
Heaven's own heralds
The tidings made known
Of good will to man,
For the wondrous birth
Meant glory to God
And peace upon earth.

Then a new star shone
O'er the wise men's way
Till it came and stood
Where the young Child lay.

And the songs at night
That the shepherds heard,
Bright star in the East
And the prophet's word

Declare Him the Son,
The Savior, divine,
The long-promised One
Of Israel's line.
His, no scepter of earth,
No riches or dross.
His mission to save,
From cradle to cross.

On hills of Judea,
Where the Jordan rolled,
By Samaria's well,
In Jerusalem old,
He taught men the way
Of mercy and love,
He brought them the life
And light from above.

Then sing the dear song
Of earth and of Heaven
With its blest refrain
Of sins forgiven.
Let men in all lands,
In isles of the sea,
Tell the glad story
And hold jubilee.

SUMMER

SHE comes, with perfumed breath across the lands,
Rich broidered with the flosses from her hands.
She tosseth, far and swift, the tangled sheen—
The lily-white, the golden and the green—
Till flower-borders edge each dusty pass,
And laces pearled with mist adorn the grass.
A hint of blue for sweet forget-me-nots,
And threads of softest silk for daisy dots
She weaves; then dips her thread in sun-set glows,
Breathes on her work, and lo, the red, red rose!

And thus comes life across the flowered way,
That youthful hopes and fancy decks so gay.
Her shuttle, swift, a wondrous pattern weaves—
Fair tapestries inwrought with flowers and leaves.
One vase she bears aloft among the clouds,
Adrip with mists that morning's glory shrouds;
The tint of sunrise, shine of stars it holds;
All beauty waiteth till its bloom unfolds
Kissed by the airs of some supernal morn,
Then Love, the one, one rose of life is born!

THE BLIZZARD

LOOK, yonder, to the south! A strange, grey fog
Rises and rolls above the hill-tops there,
As if a thousand fires were burning fierce
Behind, and poured their smoke into the air.
It has a threatening look and swiftly moves
This way—covers the landscape like a cloak.
See, how the hills are blotted, one by one!
Denser it seems than fog, whiter than smoke!
So fast it comes the men have taken fright.
I hear their shouts to drive the cattle in—
'Tis storm!

Driven by all the winds that blow,
Its fury bursts on us with roar and din.
The doors and windows spring and strain.
The young trees writhe and twist before its power.
Then, falls on all the scene an icy veil,
Before which living things, wind-driven, cower.
A smother of frost checks the breath. Sight fails
In the white darkness of the flying frost
That strikes like powdered steel. Relentless gales
Whirl men in savage dance, as spent and lost,
They wander in the Arctic fog till fate
Brings them unwaking sleep, or lawless blast
Drives them, unseeing, to some friendly gate,
Like wrecks on shores of snowy seas upcast.

Cold Terror of the plain!
Why break, unheralded, into the peace
Of a mild noon? Dread suffering in your train
Comes swift. Then hold your wolfish winds in leash!

Spare, now, the happy children who, this morn,
Tripped merrily along the unfenced road,
The patient cattle feeding in the corn,
The farmer, homing slow with heavy load!
Vain plea! The storm roars on with force unspent.
A hundred homes with helpless fear are chill.
The bravest, only, to the battle bent,
Gain, now a step, a breath, by might or will—
All strength to the high task of rescue bowed;
For weak ones struggle vainly in the storm.
Some, this veil of deadly frost, shall shroud,
For whom are waiting hearts and hearth-fires warm.

Around the little prairie schoolhouse, lonely, frail,
The angry blast with ceaseless fury screams.
To guide the children on the homeward trail
No voice, no star, no friendly candle gleams,
But winds tear their shelter roof from frame,
Drive them to meet the unpitying blast.
Teacher and taught, weak and strong, the same
Dread battle try; for some—the last.

The morning broke.

The earth lay spent and still.
The boldest fear to know what underlies
The drift-filled hollows and the whitened hill
Where some, alas! sleep cold beneath the skies.
Others, amid the war of elements,
The struggle won, snatched periled lives from
clutches chill,
Led them to safety by some super-sense—
Or, better: by Great Heaven's will.
One led to shelter safe her shivering group.
Lest they be scattered in the blinding storm,
She bound them, each to each, with guiding rope.
Her deed won her a nation's praises warm.

One wandered with her charges, round and round.
Endured, with them, night's sufferings and alarms,
To creep at morn from out the frozen mound
Where they had perished in her arms.

O, never shall be told in full the tale
Of that wild day and night of death and dread,
And never shall be counted all the toll
Of loss and suffering—maimed and dead!

HAPPINESS

TO wake at morn to song of birds,
To loving smiles and cheerful words,
To feel the healthful pulses leap
With strength renewed in restful sleep—
These are gifts of life that bless,
Strands that weave its happiness.

To know our work, to see the need
And meet it well by timely deed,
To use with skill the art we've learned,
To eat with joy the bread we've earned—
These are gifts of life that bless,
Strands that weave its happiness.

Chiefest store of wordly wealth
Is found in love, in work, in health.
To know that though we sleep or wake,
The love of God shall not forsake—
This, the best of gifts that bless,
The warp and woof of happiness!

OCTOBER ROSES IN CALIFORNIA

OCTOBER roses—not frail hot-house blooms
Nor luscious flowers that grow in serried rows,
The pride and triumph of the gardener's art;
Not, even, the flowers, beloved of every heart,
That grew in gardens that our mothers loved,
But, late, wild roses, open-petalled, sweet
As those that smiled away their brief June day
Beside the fields of corn, by green road sides,
And moss-grown, zig-zag fences which we knew
When life was in its June and rose-hued, too.

October roses—darlings of the sun
In whose long kiss exhales their little day,
How in this autumn moon of fruit and sheaf,
Of garnered harvests and of changing leaf,
Came they to beauteous bloom? Their blushes deep
Are like some disappointed maiden's cheek
Who seeks the bower, in all her festive robes,
To find the dance is done, the revellers gone.
And, yet, not so. June, who with her roses comes
A radiant guest to other lands, dwells here
And twines her sweet, wild garlands round the year.

October roses—on the canyon's side
A mingled mass of brilliant color lies.
The branches, brown, their clustered rubies wear;
Leaves cling and color in the frostless air;
Beside them, on the same brown stem, each day,
Pink buds lift baby faces to the light,
Give back their own wide-open smile, and fall.
Yet nothing dies, for every falling flower
Leaves resurrection pledge behind,
And every crimson sphere that glows
Holds in its heart a perfect rose.

October roses—with their brave, bright hues,
Touch subtle springs of pathos in the heart.
They speak of late-won laurels gayly worn
O'er hearts that care has chilled and conflict torn,
Of hampered lives that, yet, yield fullest meed
Of laughter, gladness, song and deed,
Of struggling souls that bravely face the light.
Knowing cheerful courage, only, wins the prize,
They give June's smile to dull October skies.

THE BATTLE OF LEON

(At the foot of the Mexican mountain, El Mirador, whose uppermost peak is capped by a white turret to which the religious folk in other days made pilgrimages for the saying of prayers or the doing of penances, are arrayed the armies of Mexico's warring chiefs, Generals Villa and Obregon. The little shrine on the mountain top overlooks the entire valley of the Rio de Leon, but its ancient peace is rudely broken. Two parallel lines of steel fifteen miles long, eighty cannon and fifty thousand men are charging and counter-charging across a plain strewn with dead and wounded.

For three weeks they have maneuvered and fought for advantage in this valley, and the burros and carts of the peons, loaded with women and children from the haciendas, are blocking the roads. A half moon shines placidly as if oblivious of the scene where the wounded and dying lie and where the morrow will bring added numbers. Thus men struggle and die, and Mexico suffers on.)

THE pillared peak, El Mirador
Shines whitely in the tropic sun,
As when in peaceful days of yore
Sad *penitentes*, one by one,
Climbed, painfully, the rocky trail
To pray beside the Virgin's stone
Revered as guardian of the vale—
Fair vale of Rio de Leon.

The shrine is still, the suppliants late,
And where the *casa blanca* stands,
Beneath whose roof in lordly state
Once dwelt the owner of these lands,
Encamps a chief—a warrior
Whose guns resound with thunderous tone,
Whose men are fighting, dying there
Beside the Rio de Leon.

Sad-eyed señoras, pray again
For passing souls, by battle torn,
Whose pulseless bodies strew the plain
That once was fair with fruit and corn!

Yes, cry to Heaven your grief and pain,
 Bewail the battle—lost or won—
For they but fight to fight again
 Along the Rio de Leon.

And ye, fair señoritas, wail
 For lovers who will come no more,
For harvests crushed by war's rude flail
 While children starve from shore to shore!
Let pleading tears your deserts dew,
 Pray in your shrines so vast and lone,
That Heaven send peace and order to
 The vale of Rio de Leon.

THE OLD BLUE SPREAD

THEY did excellent work in the storied old days,
And this souvenir speaks of their provident ways.
Its threads knew the whirl of the spindle and wheel,
They have swung round and round with the dizzying reel;
And, perhaps, it was some thrifty forbear of mine
Who spun the blue threads that form the design.

It is only a piece of an old worn spread
That dear hands have oft, tenderly, tucked round my bed,
That so often I've handled, awake and asleep.
It seems it must, somehow, my memory keep,
That, somewhere, secreted in fabric or fold,
It must treasure the tales that the years have told.

It is voiceless, I know, yet that fragment, to me,
Recalls the old home, like the turn of a key,
And my mind goes tripping from room to room
Like the feet of a child who has just come home.
I see the old bed-posts, each topped with a ball,
The smooth, soft bed and the spread over all.

Recollection flies fast and down the long lane
Of the years since I slept 'neath the old counterpane
Appeareth a voice and a presence, near,
That made the old home and its memories dear.
Of the heart-song of home 'twas the dominant note;
I think of it, now, with a sob in my throat,—
Mother!

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